

The Smart Screen Magazine

81 MAR 12

SCREENLAND★

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BLACK- OUT

at the
"Blue
Evening"

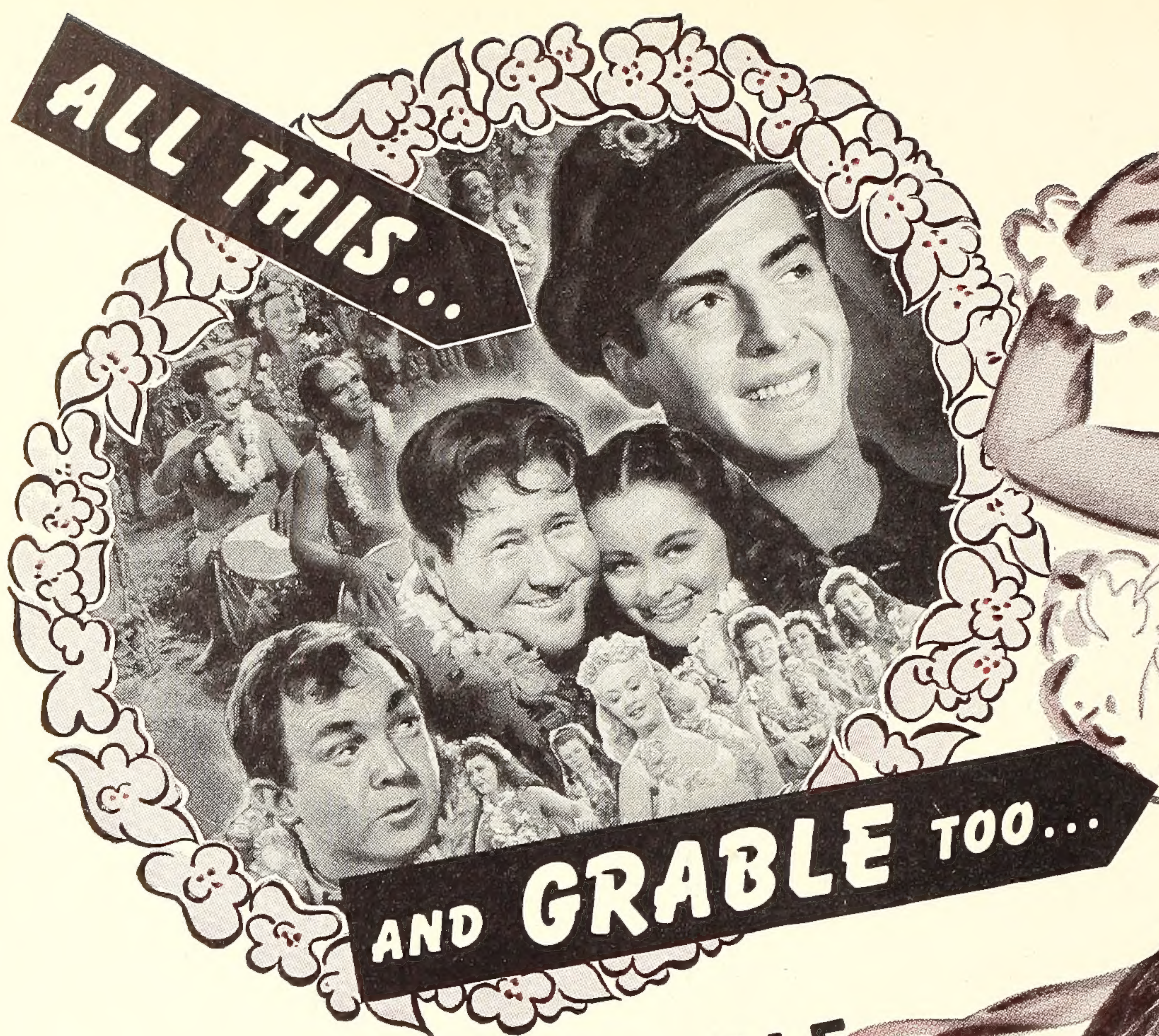
with
Olivia
de Havilland

What Hollywood Women Are Doing For National Defense!

MARRIED LOVERS!

THE HOME LIFE OF WILLIAM HOLDEN AND BRENDA MARSHALL
WITH FIRST, EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS

THRILLER! "The Mystery of Marie Roget" FICTIONIZED



**BETTY GRABLE
VICTOR MATURE
JACK OAKIE**
in

SONG of the ISLANDS

in TECHNICOLOR!

SONGS
by Gordon and Owens
"SING ME A SONG OF THE ISLANDS"
"DOWN ON AMI, AMI ONI, ONI ISLE"
"O'BRIEN HAS GONE HAWAIIAN"
"WHAT'S BUZZIN' COUSIN"
"BLUE SHADOWS AND WHITE GARDENIAS"
"MALUNA, MALOLO MAWAENA"

with
**Thomas Mitchell • George Barbier
Billy Gilbert • Hilo Hattie
Harry Owens** and his **Royal Hawaiians**

Directed by **WALTER LANG**
Produced by **WILLIAM LeBARON**
Original Screen Play by Joseph Schrank, Robert Pirosh,
Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Lyrics and Music by
Mack Gordon and Harry Owens



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WATCH FOR IT!



HENRY FONDA • GENE TIERNEY

Keep 'Em Laughing with Their Loving

in

Rings on her Fingers
with **LAIRD CREGAR**

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Buy U. S. Defense
★ Bonds or Stamps ★
every day!
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"It takes a Pretty Smile to Sell a Song—

*And yours, My Pet, is on the Blink.
I suspect 'Pink Tooth Brush' "*



"You're a nightingale, sister! You've got youth, charm, personality—everything, *until you smile*. That's fatal. You can't star with my band until you can flash a smile that travels right from the stand into the customers' hearts."



"Now, no tears, pretty face. It's not that bad. You've just been careless. Box office smiles and 'pink tooth brush,' sparkling teeth and sensitive gums just don't play the same bill. We're booking you first with my dentist. Tomorrow—no, today!"



"Our modern soft foods don't give gums enough work! And sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy gums. Give your gums more work, daily massage." (N.B. A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"Am I following that dentist's advice! It's Ipana and massage for me—every day! What a clean, freshening flavor Ipana has! My teeth are brighter—and that stimulating tingle every time I massage my gums seems to signal, 'You're going to make the grade!'"



Then on opening night the crowd went wild...



(Soliloquy of a nightingale) "I'm singing the blues but they're not in my heart. I'm the happiest girl this side of anywhere. Listen to that crowd—three encores and they're still banging the china and calling for more. Well, here's one little girl who sees her name in lights and Ipana Tooth Paste in her beauty cabinet forever and then some."

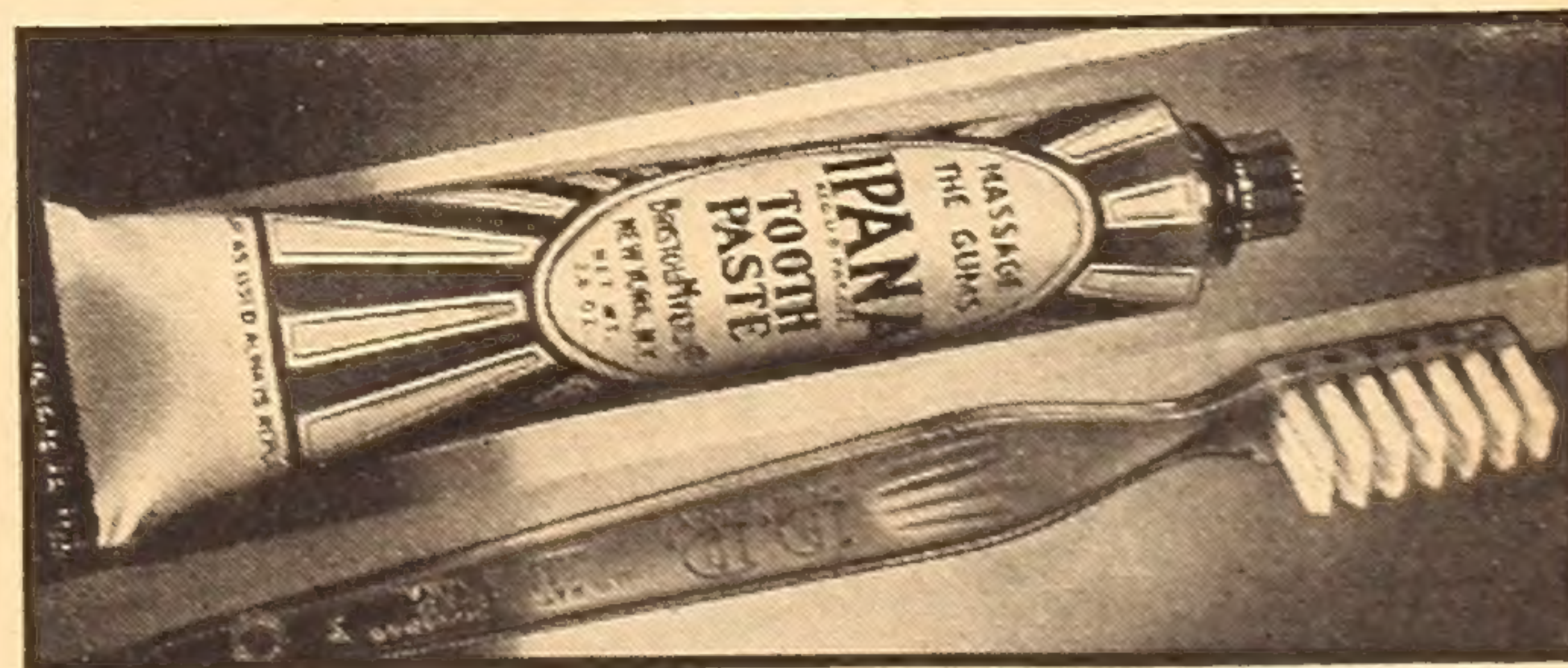
Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

"**P**INK" on your tooth brush means *see your dentist at once*. He may simply tell you that eating too much soft, creamy food has denied your gums the exercise they need for firmness and health. And, like many dentists, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make

your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you circulation is increasing in the gums—helping gums to gain new firmness and strength.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!



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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MAR -7 1942

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

What does March come in like?...Okay, students, go to the head of the class.

Leo, you know, has enlisted for the duration. He's in the Army, the Navy, Civilian Defense and ready to serve wherever wanted by his Uncle.



Have you seen "Joe Smith, American"? Recommended, incidentally, by our generous First Lady.

We don't speak much about shorts in this column, but it's hard to keep quiet about "Main Street On The March", made with government cooperation.

The exhibitors of America, as well, are all out for our war effort. Their screens will inform, uplift and divert. Three essentials in a crisis.

Among the diversions that Dr. Leo has brewed in his own laboratory is the newest rattle of that famous Hardy family skeleton.

Despite the natural presence of that exciting, energetic, connubial dynamo—Mickey Rooney—nothing personal is intended by the title—

"The Courtship of Andy Hardy".

It's undoubtedly impossible to refer to a beautiful young lady as a dark horse—

But watch Donna Reed in this hardest of the Hardys.

Space doesn't permit much about "Mrs. Miniver", (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon); "I Married An Angel", (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy); "Ship Ahoy", (Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert Lahr, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra); and "Rio Rita", (Abbott and Costello).

There's so much to say about the merits of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures. We really ought to have two columns. Still—

Yours for conservation.

—Leo

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

April, 1942

Vol. XLIV, No. 6

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Cover Portrait of OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND by Scotty Welbourne, Warner Bros.

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THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN!

The producers of "Babes on Broadway" follow their sensational hit with another rousing musical entertainment packed with pep, pace and pulchritude. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

Viva VIRGINIA WEIDLER

She's a female Mickey Rooney. She sings. She clowns. She's a great little actress.

BORN TO SING

Ray, Ray, Ray for RAY McDONALD

He dances. He romances. He's taking the screen world by storm.

Cheers for LEO GORCEY and "RAGS" RAGLAND

Outrageously funny they're a perpetual panic!

Hail McPHAIL

(Douglas to you). Wait till you hear him in the big BALLAD FOR AMERICANS number.

with VIRGINIA WEIDLER • RAY McDONALD • LEO GORCEY • "RAGS" RAGLAND • SHELDON LEONARD • DOUGLAS McPHAIL • HENRY O'NEILL • LARRY NUNN
Screen Play by Harry Clork and Franz G. Spencer • Directed by EDWARD LUDWIG • Produced by FREDERICK STEPHANI • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

They can't stop talking
about the NEW

Revlon Lipstick

and the way it stays on!

When half the smart girls in 48 states discover a perfect lipstick, there's bound to be talk! Women rush to tell friends how marvelously Revlon Lipstick stays on . . . like their beloved Revlon Nail Enamel. They rave about the brilliant young look it gives to lips . . . never sticky or "faded." And you know how everybody talks about Revlon's excitingly beautiful lipstick shades! Have you tried a Revlon lipstick in the new HOTHOUSE ROSE or ROSY FUTURE or BRAVO or any of the sixteen fashion-making shades? Quick! They're wonderful!

only 60¢ also \$1 size

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world's most
famous name
in nail enamel

HOT

FROM HOLLYWOOD



What a "closeup"—but Bing remains cold to Virginia Dale's kisses in scene above from "Holiday Inn," Crosby-Astaire film, but Marjorie Reynolds, right, may have better luck.

JUST when everyone thought everything was at last running smoothly, Anne Shirley and John Payne announced their separation. Anne has been loved in Hollywood ever since she was Dawn O'Day, the child star. John hasn't made friends quite as easily. Anne has worked hard all her life and never changed with success. There are those who feel that John hasn't been able to handle his as well. Intimate friends insist they are still very much in love. Anne can't even talk about it without her eyes filling with tears. Here's hoping that time and right thinking will bring them together again.

THOSE dance routines in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" weren't quite as easy for Jimmy Cagney as they were when he was a kid. But Bing Crosby ribbed him unmercifully about it just the same. Then Jim heard that Bing was going to do a dance number with Fred Astaire. The first day he rehearsed, Bing (aching in every joint) was handed a wire. The message read: "It's heavy ain't it?" It was signed Cagney!

A WEEK before Christmas Ann Sheridan and George Brent were just about as cozy as a couple of cobras. Then the sentiment of the holiday got 'em. George talked Ann into accepting an engagement ring. Believe it or not, they flew all the way across the continent and weren't recognized once. Ann used the name of Miss Grey. George called himself Mr. Watson. Ann flew to Texas first to see her mother, who was ill. George was to follow in two days. But he hadn't figured on being detained for retakes. Ann waited a whole week in Texas. A more impatient bride there never was! To top everything, George's overnight bag containing the wedding ring was lost enroute. Eventually they got it back—after the wedding!



PERHAPS the most anti-social girl in Hollywood was Priscilla Lane. That's why she loved the desert town of Victorville. That's why she enjoyed going to square dances, fishing and hiking with local newspaper publisher John Barry. That's why everyone was so astounded when she recently called off her engagement. They do say that Priscilla wanted to give up her career long ago. It was John who encouraged her to stick and learn to like the business that would eventually give her a good break. Things seemed to change from the time she did make a big hit in "Million Dollar Baby." It was after being selected by Frank Capra for "Arsenic and Old Lace" that Priscilla changed her mind. John Barry still thinks she's something pretty special and hopes Hollywood will make her very happy.

IN CASE the purported romance between Ginger Rogers and Jean Gabin does take a serious turn, here's hoping the fabulous Frenchman has a good ear for music! Ginger can already play the piano, the accordion, the concertina and the Hammond organ. Now "Lee-ly," her mother, has given her a xylophone. Ginger had it shipped down from her ranch in Oregon. She's taking lessons like mad and, fortunately, the nearest neighbor is several hill tops away!

SCREENLAND

Paulette's Back...

IS THE OBJECTIVE
AT THE FRONT!

"ALL THE BOYS AT THE FRONT WANT HER BACK!"

"THE PRETTIEST MILITARY OBJECTIVE I EVER SAW!"

"PARDON MY PRYING... BUT SPYING'S SPYING!"

...AND
RAY HAS
A PLAN
UP HIS
SLEEVE,
TOO!

"THE LADY HAS PLANS"

...and they're on her back!



A Paramount Picture Starring

Ray Milland • Paulette Goddard

with

Roland Young • Albert Dekker • Margaret Hayes • Cecil Kellaway • Edward Norris

Directed by **SIDNEY LANFIELD** • Screen Play by **Harry Tugend**

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SCREENLAND



Are You A Young Wife Who Still Doesn't Know?

Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

• Timidity is no longer the young wife's excuse for ignorance of intimate facts. Accurate knowledge is available to any woman who seeks it. Why then, in feminine hygiene, should she either place her dependence on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures, or resort to over-strong solutions of acids which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Spread greaseless, protective coating. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet! Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

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Original Harmony composed to your lyrics
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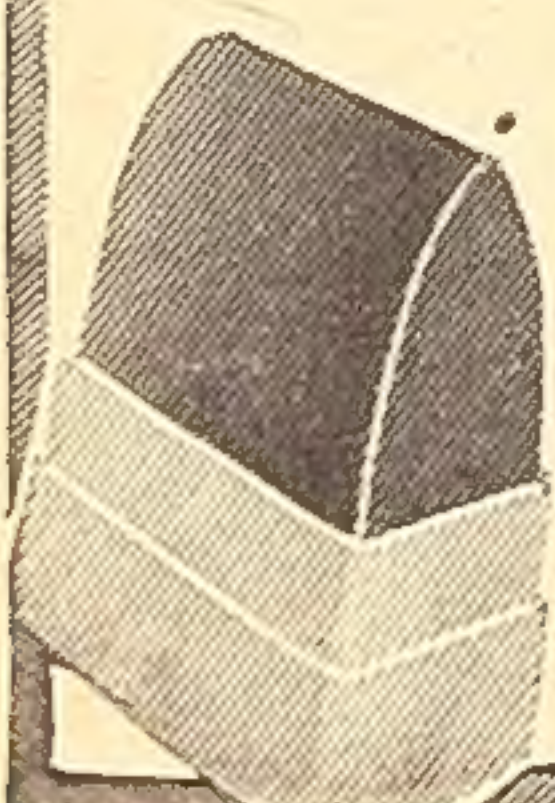
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DE LUXE MUSIC SVC., Box 3163-S, Bridgeport, Conn.



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Go modern with the completely different HAMPDEN'S rouge. This wonderful color cream is so easy to use • blends off to nothing • gives a soft, warm color, even in tone like 'nature's blush.' It's the rouge plus!



ROUGE-STICK
hampden

25c also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 5 million sold

Yours for Loveliness

April is lavish in her gifts of beauty—
for face, for fingers, the intimate you

ONE of the best buys in beauty for the month is the new Evening in Paris Harmonized Make-Up package. The box holds a generous quantity of a fine and clinging powder that lends a lovely luminous look to skin; a compact of soft, smooth-textured rouge and a joy of a lipstick. It is creamy and soothing and about as permanent as a lipstick can be. Here is your new April complexion, made to order for you. The combination comes in six tone ranges from Light to Suntanned.

A SPLENDID product that combines three important functions is Dioxogen Cream. Use it for cleansing; use it for overnight and general softening and "correction" purposes; use a very thin film for a powder base. This cream is said to supply active oxygen—an extra beauty ingredient for extra beauty! The cream also seems to have a mild bleaching action, and sufficient use brings a fairer, clearer skin tone. The cream is of a light, smooth texture; is economically priced; is very worth trying.

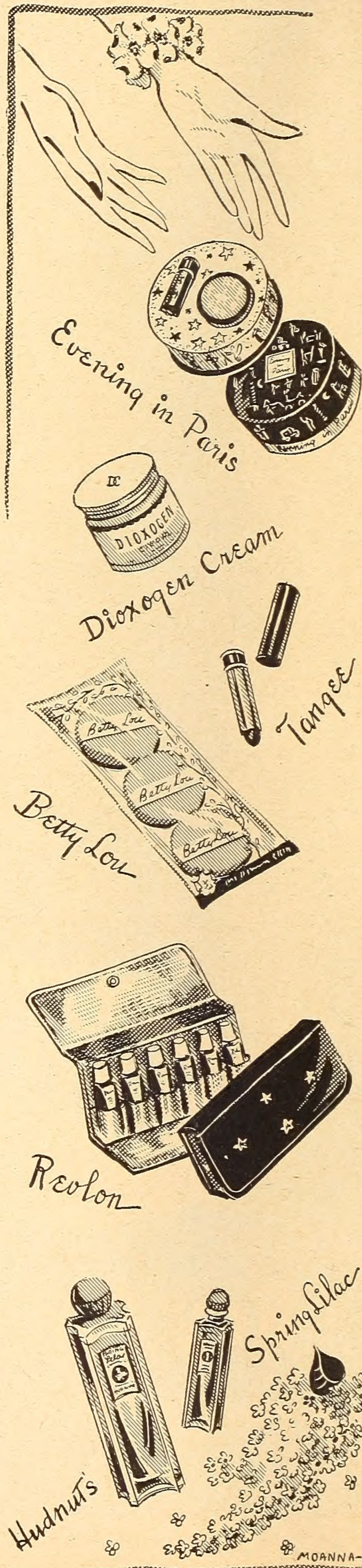
TANGEE lipstick is out to win new laurels, because something new has been added, and it's satin on your lips. The new lipstick now adds that satin sheen, that silky glow of youthful loveliness, and this same glamor ingredient also provides sound protection against drying and chapping. When you try this new Tangee, you will see that it is literally like spreading brilliant satin across your lips. And Tangee satisfies all color whims. There's Tangee Natural, Tangee Theatrical-Red, Tangee Red-Red.

HAS it ever occurred to you that the condition of your powder puff is an index to your fastidiousness? That more curious eyes regard it than you think? A little pidgeon tells us that many girls own smudgy powder puffs because they buy them one at a time. Buy them in packages and always have a fresh one at hand. Those lovelies, Betty Lou puffs, come in packages of three or four—and all for a song. They are little pets of puffs, soft and delicate to spread powder like velvet, and are dainty.

SO NEW it hasn't even a name at this writing, but the kind of thought on which Revlon thinks so well. Six one-eighth ounce bottles of Revlon beauty for fingertips. One bottle holds Adheron, that wonder base coat, and the other five are Revlon nail colors. There are two choices of colors, and either will give you a complete "wardrobe" of nail enamel. Change at will, according to mood, costume or occasion, without the clutter of many big bottles and added expense. In a satin and gold case.

WHAT sweeter harbinger of Spring than a lilac fragrance? Its nostalgic, gentle perfume, its power to stir the masculine heart, to make you suggest April, itself, nominates the lilac for the flower of Spring. Hudnut does a gracious lilac in a family of personal accessories, and we illustrate the perfume and toilet water, just to show you. Precious, and prettily packaged. And there's a cologne, talcum and dusting powder. Lilacs for happy remembrance! They are all most pleasingly priced.

C. M.



THERE IS A STORY ABOUT A TOWN CALLED KINGS ROW

All knew it but none talked
about it — *except in whispers.*

You'll live strange experiences you
never dreamed could come into
your life as the screen captures
each ecstatic moment and
every secret longing
of these shadowed
characters. Here is
screen great-
ness, truly!



ANN SHERIDAN
as tempting 'RANDY'

ROBERT CUMMINGS
as handsome 'PARRIS'

RONALD REAGAN
as irresistible 'DRAKE'

BETTY FIELD
as stormy 'CASSIE'

KINGS ROW

WHERE EVERY HEART CONCEALED A SECRET SIN

Directed by
SAM WOOD
of 'Mr. Chips' and
'Kitty' Foyle' fame!

WARNER BROS' NEW SUCCESS, with CHARLES COBURN
Claude Rains · Judith Anderson · Nancy Coleman

The Screen Play is superbly adapted by Casey Robinson from the Novel by Henry Bellamann • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

To be long
remembered
for the best-
seller it was
— for the
magnificent
film it is!

Now at the Astor Theatre in New York duplicating the success of 'Sergeant York',
the Warner Bros. picture that preceded it there. AT YOUR THEATRE SOON. Check the manager for exact date.

SHE'S

A Dream



SHE'S

Irresistible

SHE USES IRRESISTIBLE
PERFUME AND LIPSTICK

An exquisite perfume for your new Spring Bonnet... a challenge to Spring and a young man's fancy. A touch of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, irresistible and assures you of his devotion. Now in an adorable Easter Box.

Only 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ Stores



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... smoother 10¢

Tagging the Talkies



The Lady Has Plans—Paramount

A highly amusing spy comedy with sophisticated dialogue and suspense. Paulette Goddard, as *Sidney Royce*, news reporter, becomes involved with a spy ring when she is mistaken for a girl who is using her name and on whose back stolen plans are printed. Ray Milland plays a radio commentator who helps her track down the spies. They're a handsome team and perform splendidly. Roland Young, FBI man, Albert Dekker, the Nazi, good.



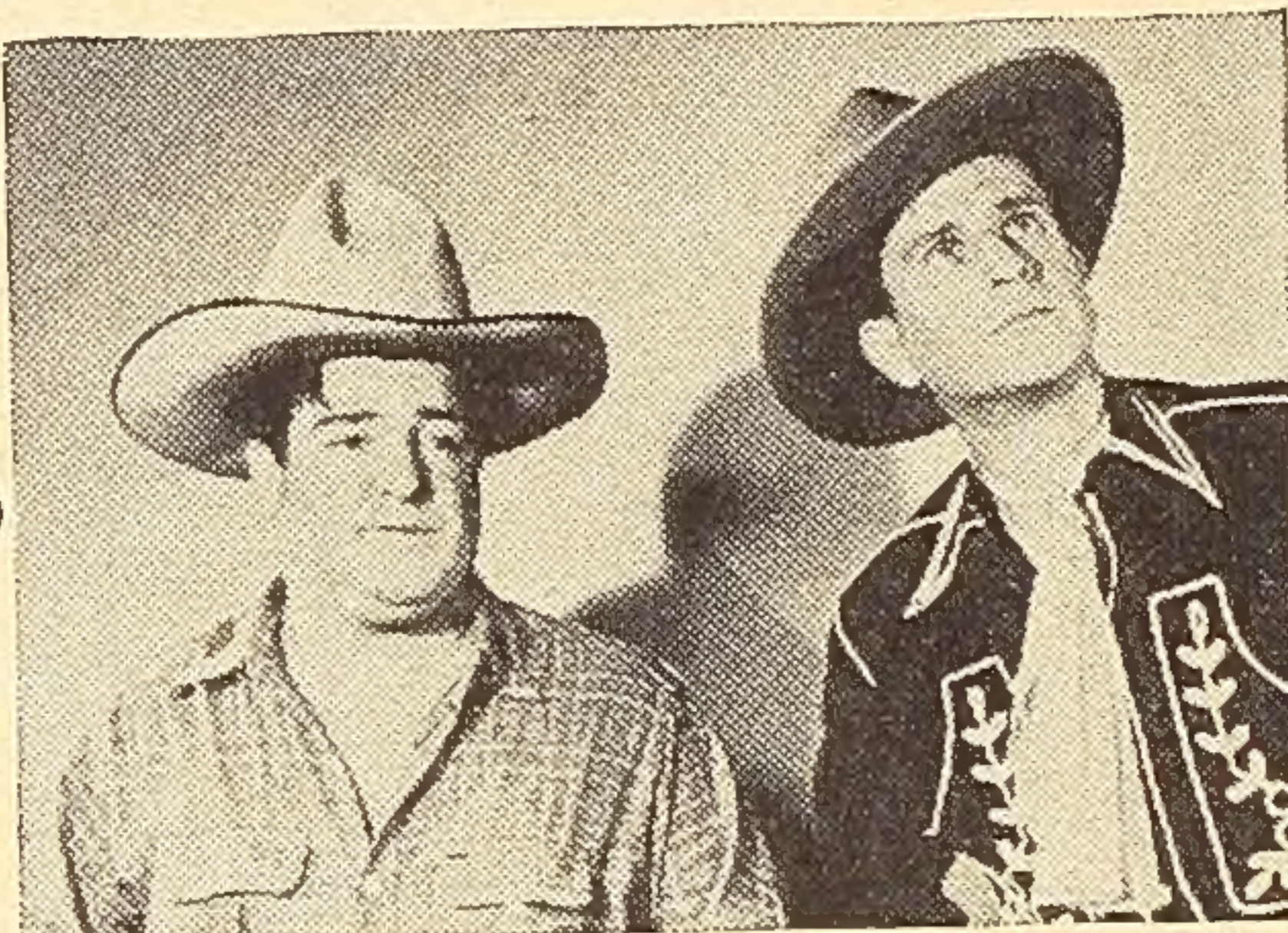
Hellzapoppin'—Universal

Here's insanity at its best. You'll say to yourself, "I don't get it," and you won't, neither will anybody else—it's that kind of wacky film. But you *will* be entertained by this screen version of the Ole Olsen-Chic Johnson popular stage show—a story-within-a-story-within-a-story, and don't try to make sense out of it—just have fun. Martha Raye, Mischa Auer, Hugh Herbert are in it with Ole and Chic. Has catchy tunes, good gags.



We Were Dancing—M-G-M

A sophisticated romantic comedy about two impoverished refugees, a Polish princess, Norma Shearer, who elopes with a Continental nobleman, Melvyn Douglas, on the eve of her marriage to a wealthy American, Lee Bowman. They're divorced when she refuses to go on living as house guests of the rich who enjoy catering to titles, but he gets himself a job and the marriage is on again. Fine acting, Norma's beauty, clothes make up for trite story.



Ride 'Em, Cowboy—Universal

You'll laugh until your sides ache at the gags in this new Bud Abbott-Lou Costello comedy. One riotous scene follows closely on top of another, and the fun doesn't let up until the very end. The two zanies play a couple of Brooklyn drugstore cowboys who land on an Arizona ranch where they become nursemaids to cows and ride bucking broncos (in best Abbott-Costello style). Dick Foran, Anne Gwynne are the romancers.



The Shanghai Gesture—United Artists

John Colton's well-remembered stage play has finally been satisfactorily (for the Hays Office) adapted for the screen, but it's not the same shocker. This drama, with Oriental background, moves slowly. Gene Tierney plays *Poppo*, a victim of a gambling casino's vices. There she meets Victor Mature, who plays a Levantine of questionable character, and learns that Chinese *Mother Gin Sling* (Ona Munson) who runs the den is her mother. Acting is good throughout. Settings are lavish.

Tagging the Talkies



The Corsican Brothers—U. A.

Dumas' fantastic tale of Siamese twins, separated at birth by an operation—successful except that one of the twins reflects the emotions of the other—yes, even love. Imagine the complications! Reared separately, they meet for the first time at twenty-one and avenge the murder of their parents. Douglas Fairbanks is magnificent in the swashbuckling dual rôle. Like thrilling adventure tales, action, exciting sword-play? Here's the picture.



A Yank on the Burma Road—M-G-M

This timely adventure thriller is the first film to make reference to Pearl Harbor and our war with the Japs. It's the story of a New York cabbie who accepts the job of leading a motor caravan of supplies for Chungking over the Burma Road. Barry Nelson does nicely as the Yank who smuggles Gail (Laraine Day) into China where her husband, a flier for the Japs, is a prisoner. It all comes out all right and Barry gets the girl. Has suspense.



Born to Sing—M-G-M

A gay, breezy musical comedy about some talented kids who put on a show to help Frank Eastman, playing Virginia Weidler's dad, get back his compositions from a producer who is about to use them in his show. They kidnap the first-night audience and force them to sit through their amateur show. Everything works out as it should. Virginia sings, Ray MacDonald dances, and Douglas McPhail sings the rousing finale, "Balad for Americans."

A "Close-up" was only a Movie Term to Paula, until...



Act 1: Paula is pretty! She sings like an angel and can dance like a breeze. But there are few compliments and dates in

Paula's young life, few eligible bachelors—BECAUSE—well, Paula is guilty of one little fault, *she's careless about underarm odor!*



Act 2: (*Enter pretty friend*) Wake up to the facts of charm, my Pretty! Of course you bathe every day—before every date. But a bath only takes care of the *past*...to give your charm a *future*, use Mum.



Act 3: (*Paula's soliloquy*) Now I can play a love scene! Mum is so marvelous—so quick, so easy to use, so sure! Only 30 seconds to use Mum, and daintiness is safe for long hours. Safe for skin, safe for dresses, too!

Mum takes only 30 seconds, effective for hours!
Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration!
Mum is harmless to sensitive skin and to delicate fabrics. Get Mum at your druggist today!



For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is the favorite deodorant for this important purpose. Try it this way, too.



WHAT A NIGHT—
WHAT A GIRL!
PAULA,
I NEVER
WANT TO
LOSE YOU!

(TO HERSELF)
THANKS—
A MILLION
THANKS—TO
MUM

MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers



Try Modern Halo Shampoo — Reveal Your Hair's Natural, Lustrous Color!

OLD-FASHIONED soapy shampoos leave a dull soap-film that robs your hair of *natural* beauty... a film like the soapy scum that collects in your washbowl!

That's why thousands of modern women are using ultra-modern Halo Shampoo!

Halo contains no soap... therefore can leave no soap-film! Halo is made with a special new-type ingredient—shampoos your hair to its *natural*, beautiful color and luster... lathers gloriously even in hardest water!

And Halo removes dandruff from your scalp the very first time you use it!

What's more, Halo leaves your hair so sweet and clean you don't even need a lemon or vinegar after-rinse!

So switch to Halo Shampoo today... available at all toilet goods counters in generous 10¢ or larger sizes!

A Product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet



REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

SONG POEMS WANTED

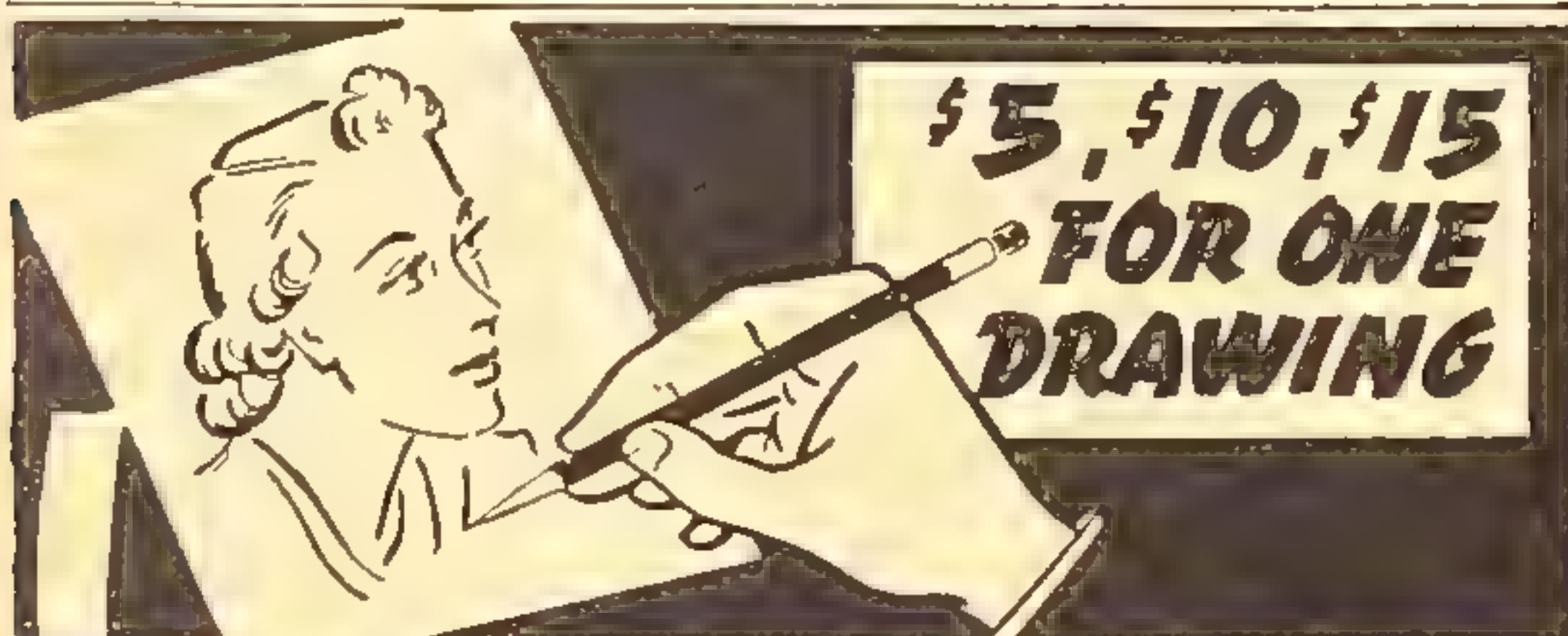
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A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC

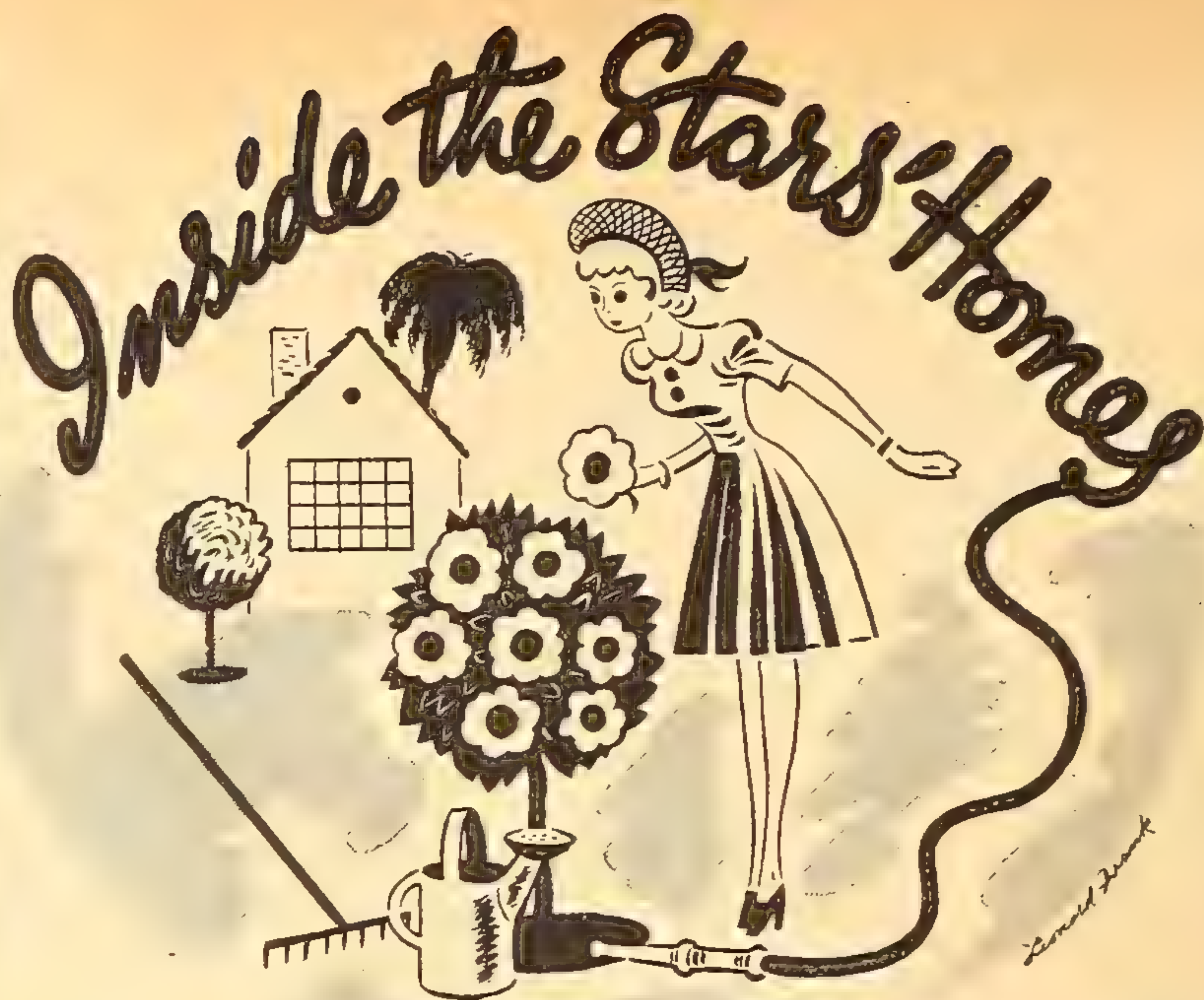
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You're never "outside looking in" when you visit the stars with us! You're invited inside, this time by Ruth Hussey for Easter Brunch, with waffles and everything

By **Betty Boone**

IN CALIFORNIA, Easter day begins very early, before it's light. People get up at three or four in the morning, equip themselves with rugs, sweaters, fur coats, robes and maybe even a thermos full of hot coffee, and struggle out to the various Easter dawn services.

Ruth Hussey likes best to go to the one at the Hollywood Bowl, where children in white form a huge cross, tall, white-clad girls with trumpets stand against the sky and greet the rising sun with high, sweet notes, then from crowded benches and thronged hillsides the people join in an Easter hymn.

"Maybe they have outdoor early Easter services in the East, but up in New England where I come from, I never heard of them," confided Ruth. "They fascinate me. Once I went down to Riverside and climbed Mount



Easter egg hunt is highlight of Ruth's party, with the hunting-ground both inside and outside the house. Left, Miss Hussey colored these eggs herself. Above, with Easter bunny basket.



Roubidoux in the dark guided by flares, and once I almost got to the services at Yosemite—but anyway it's a grand way to begin the day.

"This year, I'm giving an Easter Brunch to follow the early service. After getting up at four and climbing



Ruth Hussey admits she isn't even a Grade-D cook, but she can make waffles.

hills, breathing all that fresh air, you are practically hollow, so the food will be substantial. Afterwards, we'll have rabbit races, egg hunts, hat races and art competitions—I don't know which is more fun."

Ruth is not a natural-born cook; in fact, she insists that she isn't even a Grade-D cook, but she *can* make waffles. So she'll serve waffles, several kinds, and her cook and various talented friends will help concoct other dishes.

"I thought of having strawberries, both as fruit and in my strawberry waffles, bacon crisps, sausage, hot bread, a special sandwich we call *The Hussey*, which isn't really a sandwich at all, plenty of orange juice and gallons of hot coffee," she planned. "*The Hussey* is a slice of eggplant, rolled in breadcrumbs and fried, a slice of tomato, also rolled in breadcrumbs and fried, the tomato placed on the eggplant. It makes a colorful dish and it's good.

"If you get a slab of bacon and cut the pieces thicker than the slices you buy, you have more substantial curls. I like my pork sausage made into little patties. With these I usually serve apple slices, cut fairly thick and cooked with syrup and candy cinnamon drops. The cinnamon drops give a red color which is very attractive. I set the sausage patty inside a bacon curl and put a red apple slice on top."

Ruth's special waffle is made with rice instead of flour. You take a cup of cooked rice, very light and just a bit gooey, use it instead of the amount of flour called for, and the waffle resulting will be just right.

Some of Ruth's guests like their strawberry waffles served with fresh strawberries and whipped cream; some like the strawberries cooked in a light syrup so that the berries remain whole and served without cream; still others like a few preserved berries cooked in the waffle. Ruth also serves them plain with three or four enormous berries, dipped in powdered sugar, laid on top of the waffle.

Here is a good basic recipe for waffles:

WAFFLES

(Recipe makes ten)

- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 2 cups sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup fine corn-meal
- 4 tablespoons Crisco

If you cannot get fine corn-meal, add ¼ cup flour, but the corn-meal makes the waffles a little more crisp. Beat the eggs well with rotary egg beater. Add milk.

(Please turn to page 77)

and when he
woke up
he was

Married

...and on the
season's gayest
merry-go-round
of LOVE and
LAUGHTER!



Fred
Marlene
Dietrich ★ Mac Murray
in Mitchell Leisen's

THE
LADY IS
WILLING



with
ALINE MacMAHON · STANLEY RIDGES
ARLINE JUDGE · ROGER CLARK
Screen play by James Edward Grant and Albert McCleery
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
A Charles K. Feldman Group Production
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

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Each of Maiden Form's brassieres gives perfect support because each design is individually created to meet the needs of a special figure-type. All are skillfully made from the finest materials available, so they not only fit beautifully but they also stand up under months of hard wear. No wonder smart women everywhere depend on Maiden Form for style and for service! \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 up.

Note the difference in design of the two styles illustrated here—that's because each was created for a different bosom-type. Send for Style Booklet 2: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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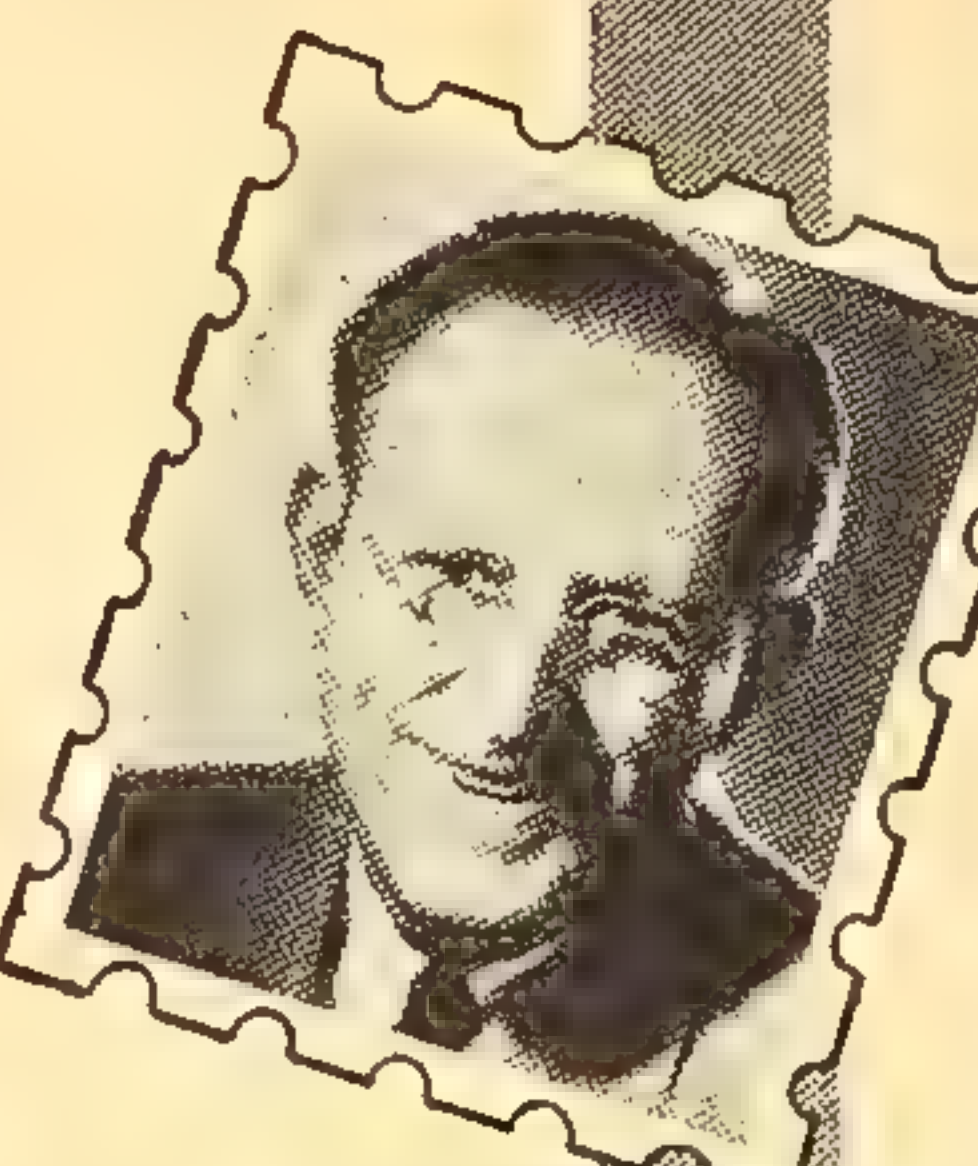



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Betty Lou
POWDER PUFFS
AT ALL STORES .. EVERYWHERE

U. S. A.



Fans' Forum

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
\$10.00

I'm a great-grandmother. I'm eighty-two and have lived through three wars. I was five years old when our Civil War ended. My father and his five brothers all fought in that war. My husband was in the Spanish-American War. I had two sons in the other World War. Now I'm living in the midst of my fourth war and have recently seen two of my grandsons enlist in the service of their country. What a record! Four terrible wars in a single lifetime.

My chief source of recreation—yes, even an old lady of eighty-two needs recreation—is the movie theater. I've been lucky enough to be physically able to attend it on an average of three times a week. It has added interest and joy to my life—and probably years, too.

The movies are doing a good job now in keeping us sane and cool-headed. They help to prevent war hysteria. They will do more as this war moves forward to victory for America.

I hope the picture producers will give us more pictures on the light side. We're going to have enough depressing influences surrounding us to make it necessary for some brightening agency to offset the effects of these influences. I hope for more comedies. There is nothing that cheers and helps a depressed, worried mind like a good comedy, and I speak from a long experience of life's ups and downs.

I have strong faith in the movies to do a good job of cheering us up in the stirring days ahead. The opportunity for that kind of service is definitely knocking at every producer's door.

MRS. C. W. RAYMOND,
Parkersburg, W. Va.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
\$5.00

Are there no middle-class homes in the movie world? Is it a world made up either of people who live in duplex apartments or else in the slums? Probably one picture in a thousand, if that, shows a home of the kind most of us live in—simple, unpretentious, comfortable and yet a trifle shabby.

I have seen stenographers in the movies who live in surroundings so glamorous that I have been completely overwhelmed (and incidentally I have wondered why my employer does not pay me a wage sufficient to possess such grandeur); or

An eighty-two-year-old movie fan writes: "The movies are doing a good job of helping prevent war hysteria." Other fans go right on bestowing their own "verbal Oscars" to their favorites regardless of who actually received Academy Oscars. Then there's a soldier boy who knows more about dancing the Varsouviana than we do (we're not surprised); another likes the way feminine stars are able to take it on the chin. It's all part of the fun (and profit) of writing a letter to this Forum. We award monthly cash prizes of \$10.00, \$5.00, and five prizes of \$1.00 each.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND'S Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

else I have seen stenographers in the movies who live in practical destitution (and I have wondered why these girls, with their beauty and personality, could not seek better paying jobs). Is there no middle-class? I admit the movies are much more realistic in this respect than they once were, but nevertheless I believe there are thousands like myself who are bored by the magnificent settings, the marble staircases, the oil paintings, and the museum-aspect of movie homes.

The producers' answer may be that the public wants "escape" and "entertainment," but you'd be surprised how we find entertainment in the familiar. Else how account for the astounding success of such radio programs as present the unrehearsed sad life stories of people like ourselves and our next door neighbors?

MARY B. SAGARIN, New York, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
\$1.00 EACH

When the Academy Award winners were being picked, what happened to that lovely creature Ingrid Bergman? Since "Intermezzo" she has been bruising the hearts of middle-aged men—and causing elderly ladies to say in proud, fond nostalgia: "That, my dear, is the kind of loveliness we had in MY day."

Well, Ingrid is a beautiful lady, no matter what the era of her natal date.

Young, with that shy, woodland grace of the forest fawn, Ingrid is all that there is to loveliness. And that cool, cool skin of hers—and eyes like the fresh clear water of a spring! And, lest I forget, the tall, gracile Nordic can really act. In fact, some of us thought she ran away with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—unpleasant melodrama though it was. And remember what she did to those other also-rans in "Rage In Heaven"?

LORNA LISA KLEIN, St. Louis, Mo.

Hold still, Oscar—you little fat symbol of outstanding "emoters"—I want to give the Fans' Forum my reason for wishing to bestow you on the actress I've selected. This charming player, ladies and gentlemen, is an ACTRESS, genuinely and absolutely. Therefore, after so many remarkable performances coupled with the fact that her legion of admirers think (I'm too old to think, I KNOW) she rightfully deserves this little fat rascal laid in her beautiful expressive hands for the pleasure she gave us in the year of 1941 as well as the years before.

Not one actress has ever equalled her strange, haunting, husky voice. Not one actress has ever had her inexplicable charm. Not one actress has ever held the public so long in spite of her recluse tendencies. Not one actress has ever caught her public's imagination as a half fictional character in just the manner my "Oscar Deserver" has done. So, for her performances at all times and for her capable handling of a highly censored vehicle in "Two-Faced Woman," I hereby bestow upon the sphinx-like Greta Garbo my own special Award.

FLORA NORMAN, Las Vegas, Nev.

Kay Kyser and his gang are special favorites of mine, and I always make a special effort to be among the first to see his new pictures. Last Sunday I journeyed to New York looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to seeing Kay in "Playmates." But alas, I was terribly disappointed, due to the fact that John Barrymore spoiled the picture for me. He ranted and raved and over-acted all over the place. Twenty years ago he may have been the great lover (or so I've heard) but at that age I was content to play with my rattles, so now to me he is just an old, dissipated man, with a string of ex-wives behind him. Perhaps he still can act, but if so he didn't show it in "Playmates." In fact, after a while he got on my nerves.

Another thing, there wasn't enough music in this picture. Please, Mr. Producers; maybe Kay can't act, but he certainly is a bouncing bundle of personality and musical ability. He has a swell band, vocalists, and we kids like his comedy.

Just give us plain Kay Kyser, and don't bother about throwing in would-be actors and glamor boys.

SHEILA MAHER, Ridgely Park, N. J.

I like the movies of today and I am an old-time fan.

I like the way feminine stars are able to take it on the chin and be kicked where kickable—yet can act like ladies when necessary.

Five or more years ago they were sissies, parading around in drawing rooms having their hands kissed, but today their salaries are well earned.

So, producers, don't send those cuffs and socks to the clean-up laundry—we enjoy 'em, for they give us bigger laughs in one second than you could produce in an entire comedy in days gone by.

MABEL SCHLENGER, Chicago, Ill.

(More letters on page 56)

New Loveliness Awaits You! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride is Mrs. E. C. Thuston, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala. who says: "I'm so proud of my complexion since I changed to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

This exciting idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—it has helped thousands of lovely brides!

NEW LOVELINESS may await you in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Everywhere you'll find charming brides like Mrs. Thuston who have trusted the care of their complexions to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. All are visible

proof that this thrilling beauty treatment really works for loveliness!

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only *mild*—it's actually milder than the ten famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Be faithful! Use gentle Camay night and morning for 30 days. With the very first treatment you'll feel your skin glow with new freshness. Then, as the days go by, thrilling new loveliness may be yours!



GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

"I WILL BE LOVELY!"

It's time to wake up—to prepare for
a newly acquired public, Miss Reader!

By Courtenay Marvin



EVERY bright girl in this eventful Spring of 1942 would do well to copy a page from the bible of every star and featured player. And the heading of this page would read something like this—"I will be lovely!" For that is the edict of the producing companies for whom player talent works. Willingly or not, these players must follow such instructions as are deemed will make them more glamorous, more appealing and more attractive in the eyes of the public. Not every star has wanted to change her raven locks for golden ones. I remember how Ida Lupino formerly felt about that! Not every star has wanted to endure her nicely rounded figure being whittled to something less than herself. And so it goes. But they have done such things, often because they had to, and more than often the sacrifices have been justified. The public has been pleased. Now it seems to me that many of us have suddenly been projected into the position of the stars. We have a public! We (*Please turn to page 79*)

A Pacific beach scene, with Ava Gardner (Mrs. Mickey Rooney) insuring her beauty for the future; and Norma Shearer, of "We Were Dancing," having definitely insured hers, for she grows lovelier with time.

Now Hair Can Be Far More Alluring SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!



Worldly but bewitching . . . this smoothly-rolled, distinguished hair-do. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene, now featured by leading beauty salons, because it leaves hair so silky, smooth!

Amazing hair conditioner now in improved Special Drene Shampoo brings new glamour to hair!

● Have you discovered yet how much more glamorous even the simplest hair-do looks—after a shampoo with improved Special Drene? That amazing hair conditioner now in Special Drene makes the most terrific difference! It leaves the hair far silkier, smoother . . . easier to comb into smooth, sleek neatness . . . easier to arrange!

No wonder improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, is sweeping the country . . . thrilling girls everywhere!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you sham-

poo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these extra beauty benefits, don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

All Special Drene now at dealers' in the blue and yellow package is improved **Special Drene with Hair Conditioner Added** and is for every type of hair . . . no matter whether dry, oily, normal! Don't wait to try new, improved Special Drene—or ask your beauty operator to use it.

**Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!**



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Procter & Gamble, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

What to do when you feel a COLD coming on

WHEN you start to snifle . . . when you feel a chill . . . or get a dry, rasping irritation in your throat, it's time to act—and act fast! *A cold may be getting you in its grip.* What can you do to ward it off?

Unfortunately, in spite of all the time and money spent on studying the condition, there is no known positive specific. Certainly, we would not classify Listerine Antiseptic as one. Yet tests made during ten years of intensive research have convinced us that this safe, pleasant-tasting germicide often has a very marked effect.

Over and over again these tests have shown that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had *fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not.*

Kills Germs Associated with Colds

The reason for this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills vast numbers of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . so called "secondary invaders" which, according to many authorities, are largely responsible for the distressing manifestations of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic kills these germs by the millions, before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces

Clinical "bacteria counts" showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic . . . up to 80% an hour after the gargle.

Isn't it sensible, then, to use Listerine Antiseptic promptly and often to help combat a sore throat and keep a cold from becoming troublesome?

We do not pretend to say that Listerine Antiseptic so used will *always* head off a cold or reduce its severity once started. But we do say that it has had such a fine record in so many test cases that it is entitled to consideration as a reputable first aid.

Get the habit of gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic morning and night; and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle and call your physician.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for COLDS and SORE THROAT



1 Go to bed at once, take a mild laxative if your doctor advises it. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly.



2 Gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, full strength, every three hours. Listerine kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS



BEFORE

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



AFTER



3 At night, take a hot bath, or at least a hot foot bath, before getting into bed. Cover up with plenty of extra blankets to "sweat the cold out of your system."



4 Don't blow your nose too hard. It may spread infection to other parts of the head. Sterilize used handkerchiefs by boiling. Paper napkins should be burned.

**WATCH
YOUR THROAT**

WHERE ILLNESS OFTEN STARTS

GENUINE DU PONT
"LUCITE"
ILLUMINATOR

LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT

ONLY **75¢** BATTERIES INCLUDED

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to LAMOUR



Dorothy Lamour looks the way a movie star is supposed to look—but she doesn't act the part. That's why she's aces with everybody, especially the girls and boys at Paramount's home office in New York



"Dottie" has the same smile for everybody, whether he's the office boy or the Big Boss. Above, with Stanton Griffis, heavy investor in Defense Bonds and Chairman of the Executive Committee of Paramount

DEAR DOTTIE:

Are your ears burning?

They should be a bright red by now. Because there's been a lot of Talk about you lately. And you know when a movie actress gets talked about—hmmm!

But it's all right in your case. Because the Talk has been not loose, but lovely. It's the nicest talk I've ever heard about any Hollywood star. Let's listen in:

An Important Man in Washington: "Dorothy Lamour has set a fine example for all movie stars to follow, in setting out to sell Defense Bonds and Stamps, on her vacation time. She could have had all her expenses paid, but she refused. All of the expenses incurred in her tour around the country to help her Government have come out of her own pocket. She sold well over \$2,000,000 worth!"


An Office Worker at Paramount's home office, in

New York: "She came to our Pep Club meeting. She was all dressed up like a movie star in mink and all—but somehow when she started to talk she was just another girl, like us. She told us, 'I know what it is to live on \$25 a week. I've done it.' And you got the feeling that if she was still running an elevator, as she used to do, she'd put every penny she could into buying bonds and stamps. She made us all want to pitch in with everything we've got."

There's nothing much I can add to that.

Delight Evans

BLACKOUT



at the
"BLUE EVENING"
with Olivia de Havilland

"HOW about six-thirty?" asked the voice on the other end.

"Six-thirty is fine. But where?"

"At 'The Blue Evening.' It's not very far from the studio. You can't miss it."

"Righto."

"So long."

"So long."

It must have been 6:28 or thereabouts when your reporter pushed open the door of "The Blue Evening," a little tentatively to be sure. It was a small place and not too well lighted up from the outside. A neon sign spelled out in sputtering eery blue the name of the place. Night had just fallen, a restless sort of night, restless and full of foreboding. Of course, it was all in the imagination. That's what a strange name will do to you.

Inside it was gay, gay but not hilarious. A melancholy

tenor was riding the discs in the juke box to the tune of "Just The Way You Look Tonight." A lady dressed in saffron slacks hollered out, "Send me, Jackson, send me."

"Send you where, lady?" an amused male voice inquired.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" from all hands.

A trio was making with "Red River Valley" when she breezed in.

"Am I late?" she wanted to know.

It was six-thirty straight up.

Olivia de Havilland never looked gayer or more stunning. She was wearing a gray suit, with widely-spaced stripes, and a smart little blouse. Her hair was upswung at an angle, making her look Parisian. The de Havilland beauty was still the same de Havilland beauty except that the eyes had grown up at last. The general effect was of bright sophistication.

"How do you like the place?"

"Fine."

"Just so long as you don't say it has 'character' or it's quaint' as you autocrats of the typewriter are fond of saying." Olivia was in a whimsical mood.

"What's the story this time?" she wanted to know as soon as the waitress had taken our orders.

The reporter admitted he was in a quandary.

"You can't do 'Livvie Was a Lady' and point out how I'm not *Melanie* in real life any longer. You did that one last year. Remember? And you can't use 'She Should Have Stayed Demure' because that was the subject of one of Jimmy Fidler's recent spankings of me. I forget just why." Her eyes twinkled. "Of course, there's the old favorite 'How to Snag A Man' but that is a story that Olivia de Havilland, bachelor girl and 26, ought to be reading—not writing."

"Send me, Jackson," the girl in the saffron slacks yelled again.

"Send you where?" the same amused male voice piped up.

"People are my favorite human beings," Olivia took

off again. "I have never yet . . ."

All of a sudden you could hear it above the music pouring out of the juke box. It was a peculiar sound, something like a cross between a bleat and a growl only a sound that had been amplified a thousand times held for ten seconds or so, released for a second, and picked up again.

"The blackout signal," someone said.

There was a moment of deafening silence. Then things began happening fast. First the blinds were drawn, the shades pulled down. Then the lights were doused, all but one. Swift-moving waitresses brought out candles in wooden holders, placed them on each table. Then the one remaining light was doused. The candles sputtered and cast strange shadows on the ceiling.

It was on everyone's mind—it must have been—but no one seemed eager to put it in words. Were enemy planes on the way? Were the Japs about to underline the horrible lesson they had taught the helpless people of Honolulu three days earlier?

Within a radius of a mile or so were two of the greatest aircraft-manufacturing plants (*Please turn to page 88*)

**H o w a
movie star
faced her
first black-
out signal.
"I wish I
were a man!
I'd like to
get into this!
I believe in
fighting! I—
all of us—
can keep the
spirit high!"**



**By
John
R.
Franchey**

Blackout scene, facing page, and these scenes are from "In This Our Life," new film with Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, Bette Davis.

By
Gladys Hall



DECORATIONS BY LEONARD FRANK



THE other night I had dinner at the Holdens'. In their new, white rambling one-story house in the Valley. (Every other star in Hollywood, it seems to me, now lives in a rambling, white one-story house. I have written those very words in describing the houses of Ida Lupino, Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner, how many others!) Only two of the rooms were furnished when I was there. They are taking their time, are Brenda and Bill, lingering over each purchase, buying one or two pieces at a time. Partly because (*Please turn to page 62*)

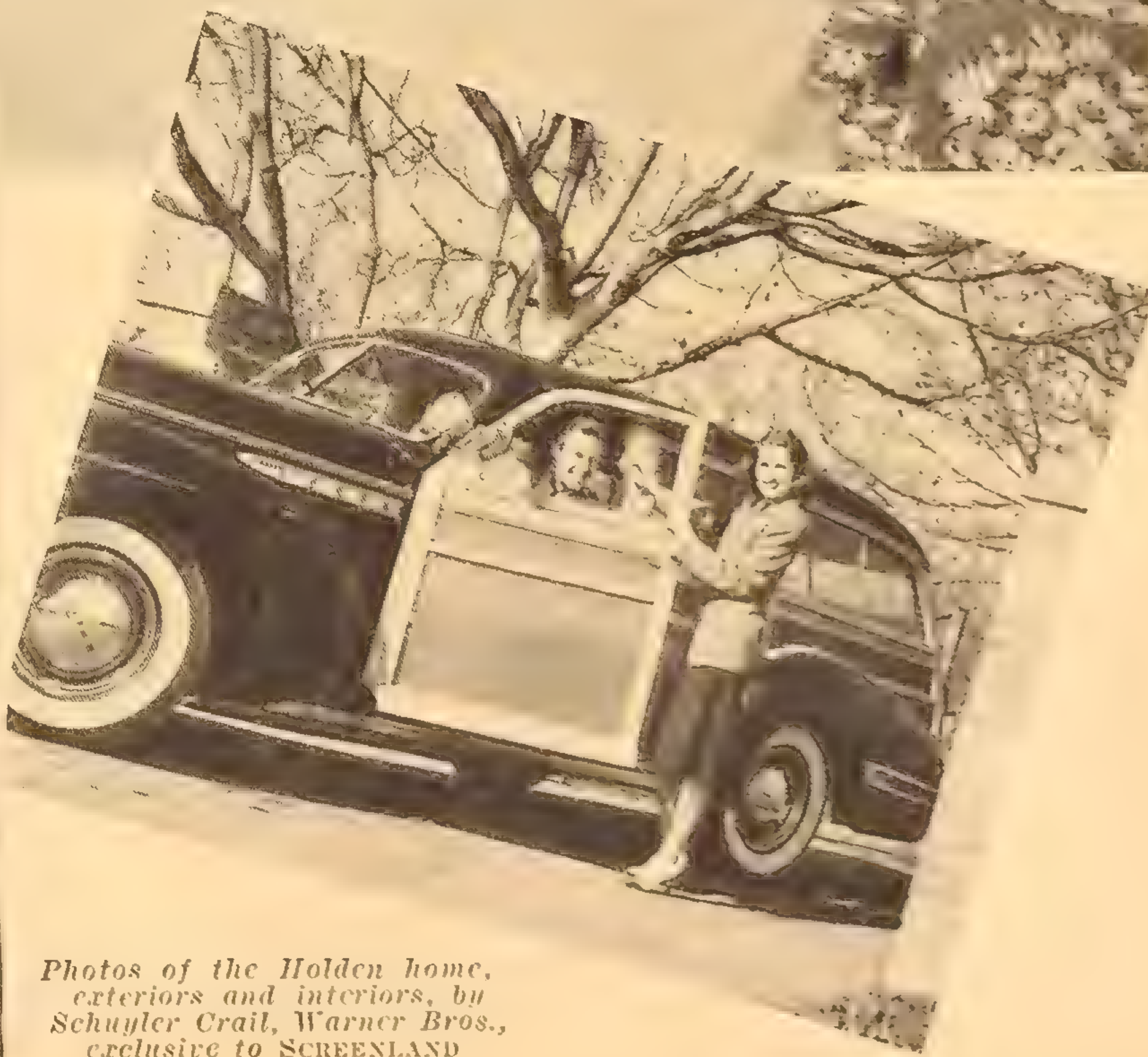
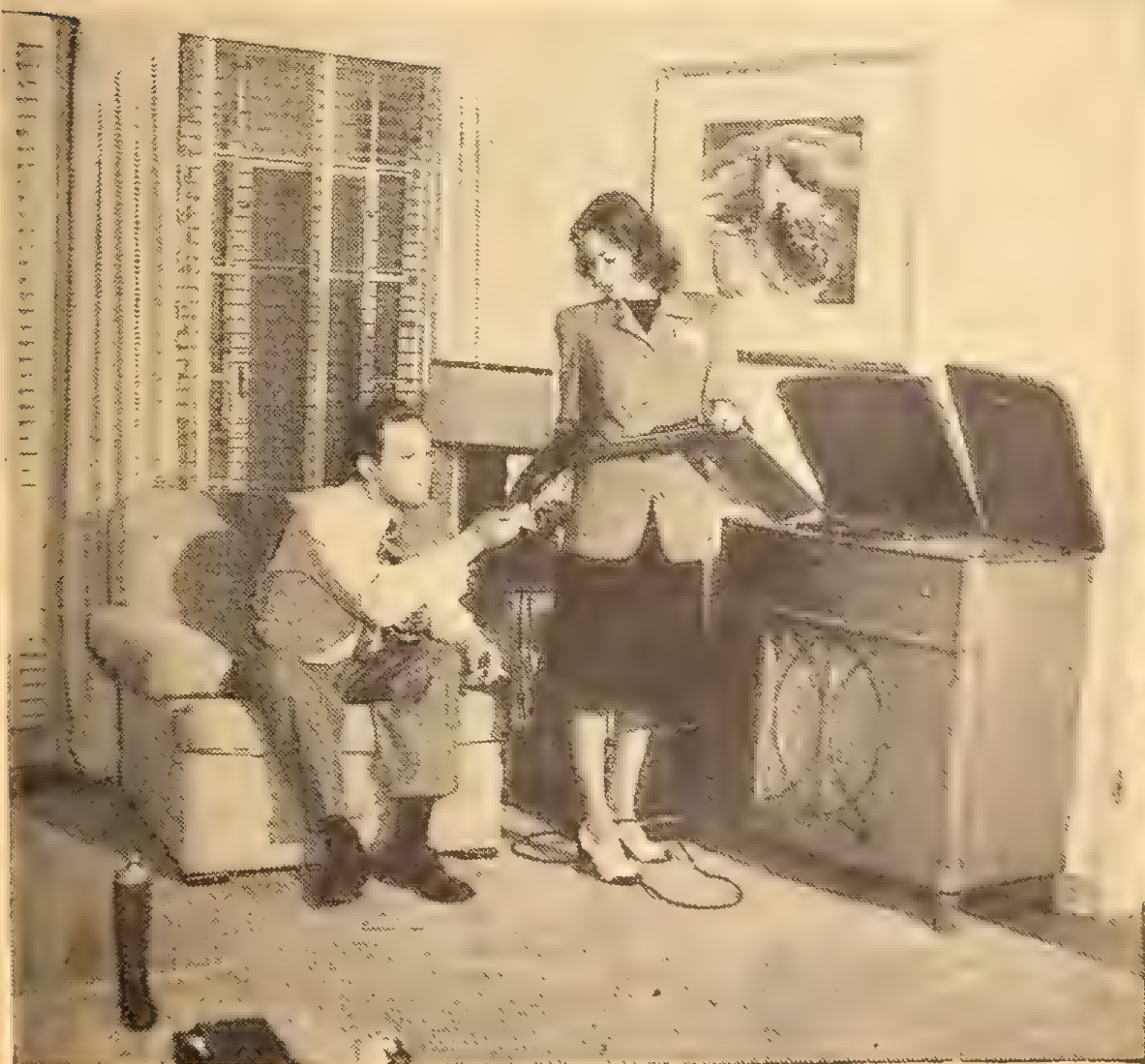
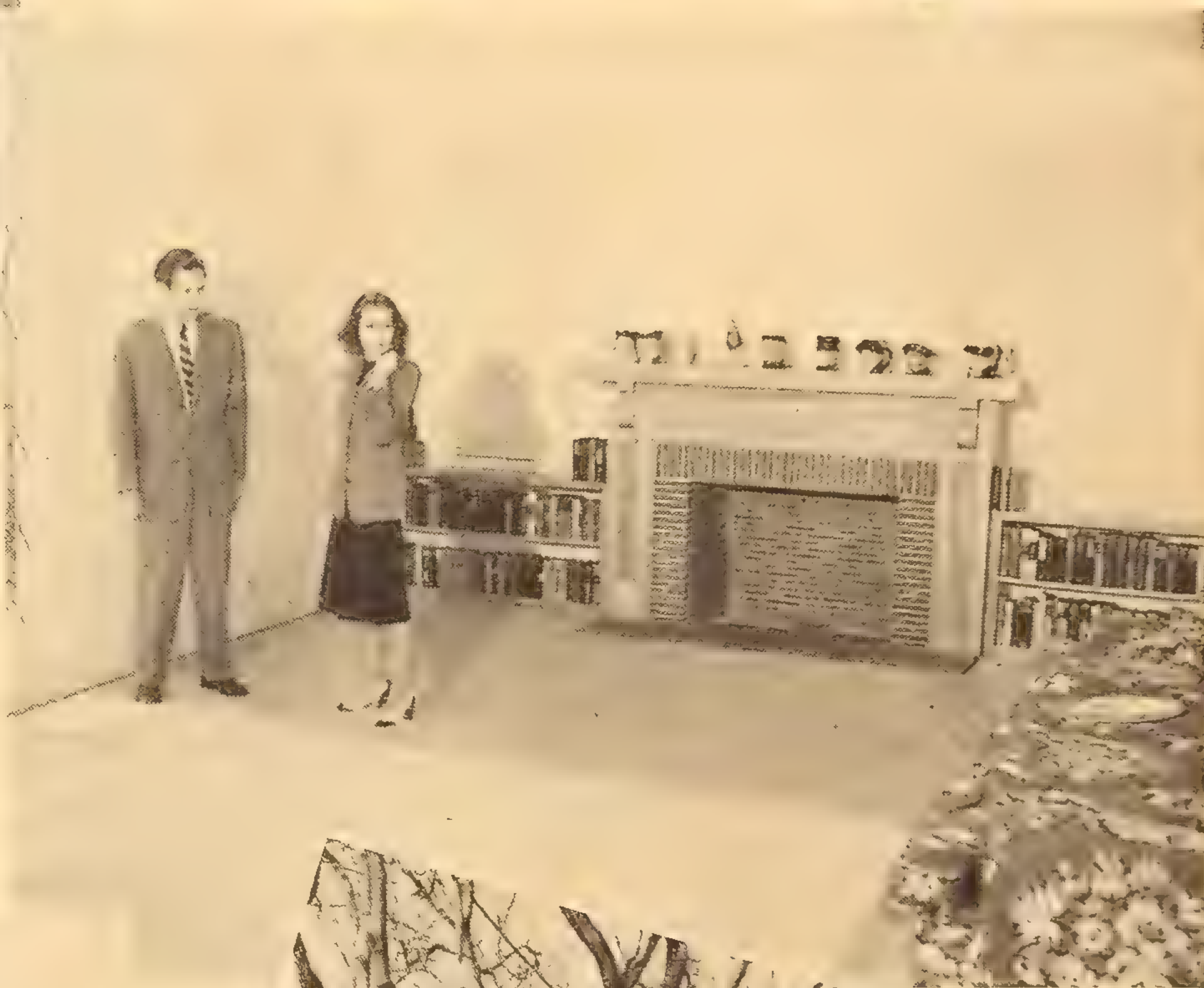
**SCOOP
PICTURES!**



Love!

**THE HOME LIFE
OF
WILLIAM HOLDEN
AND
BRENDA MARSHALL**

No place like home for the Holdens, even though the combination den, bar, music room and gun room (see facing page) is the only completed room in the house. Their mutual hobby, skeet shooting; his, collecting Flamenco records; hers, Toby mugs. At right, they plan how their living room is going to look. Both are so busy, they are buying furniture one piece at a time.



Photos of the Holden home, exteriors and interiors, by Schuyler Crail, Warner Bros., exclusive to SCREENLAND

THE

MURDER

OF

MARIE ROGET

**KILLER —
THRILLER!**

Copyright 1942
by Universal
Pictures

**Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen**

THE Seine had given up the body it had hidden. Dr. Dupin, the medical examiner, felt his heart twisting as he looked down on what had once been so young and so gloriously alive. For all his association with death, it was always a shock to him when it was the young who died, especially when they had died horribly, protestingly. For this was *murder*!

There wasn't much doubt of the identity of that girl lying there under the rough tarpaulin. For ten days the Paris newspapers had been filled with the stories of the sensational disappearance of Marie Roget, the musical comedy star. Romance-loving Parisians had chuckled over them indulgently, for the missing girl had been beautiful and adored of many suitors and even in that gas-lit era of another century, Parisians couldn't condemn any love affair of a young and beautiful actress, no matter how unconventional it might happen to be. But they wouldn't have chuckled now, standing here on the banks of the Seine, with the Eiffel Tower casting its shadow over the lifeless form the river had so reluctantly returned.

Henri Beauvais, Minister for Naval Affairs and close friend of the Roget Family, shuddered as he looked down on the blanketed

form. Was the long search over then, the ten-day mystery solved at last? At a nod from Gobelin, the prefect of police, he stepped forward and tensed as a gendarme reluctantly lifted the covering. Then he recoiled in quick horror.

"It . . . it has no face!" he cried.

"Steady, M'sieu." Dupin held him there forcefully. "Can you identify this body?"

"I . . . I don't know," Beauvais gasped, his eyes straining away from the horror lying there.

"What could have done it, Doctor?" Gobelin asked.

"It's hard to say." Dupin shook his head. "It seems as if the claws of an animal had torn its features to a bloody pulp. It's either the work of a beast or a fiend." He turned to Beauvais. "This body is about the same size as Marie Roget. The shape of the head, the color of the hair, does that look familiar to you, Beauvais?"

"Yes." The man shuddered again. "It must be she. How can I tell her family of this horrible thing?"

Dupin understood his reluctance that half hour later when they were admitted into the Roget house in the Latin Quarter. That first glimpse of Marie's grandmother, Madame Roget, and of her younger sister, Camille, made him quail at the news they had to tell them.

Then he saw the half-grown leopard. It could have been a kitten lying there, its claws so contentedly treading the fur rug. Only a kitten would not have claws like this, strong and ruthless and predatory, claws that could kill without a moment's warning!

She was a strange woman, Madame Roget. There was something about her so apparently unconcerned over the disappearance of her granddaughter which belied the gentleness of her smile, the softness of her white hair with its coquettish little top-knot of curls. For all that she looked so frail sitting there in her invalid's chair, there was a strength about her, an indomitable force.

The girl standing so tensely beside her had none of her calm indifference. Her lovely eyes were smudged as if from long weeping and her hands clasped and unclasped desperately as she looked from Beauvais to Dupin and Gobelin.

"You've found Marie?" her voice came, torn between hope and fear. "She's, she's not . . ."

"You will have to be brave, (*Please turn to page 80*)

One of the greatest horror stories of all time, by Edgar Allan Poe, becomes a screen shocker, fictionized here from Universal's film featuring Maria Montez, with Edward Norris, Patric Knowles and Nell O'Day. Original screenplay by Michel Jacoby. On Page 81 you will find complete cast and credits



"I'M A very unusual Sixteen," was the opening Leslie line—"know why?" she added, with a giggle, "because I *appreciate* being Sixteen so much. I enjoy it. I don't want to be older than I am. I don't want to smoke cigarettes or take drinks or have dates or fall in love. I don't want to be a Sixteen-Year-Old Glamor Girl. I don't want to be slinky. I think they are monstrosities, girls like that. I think it's good sense to keep saying to yourself, 'I'm young! I'm young right now! It's wonderful to be young! It's wonderful to know how wonderful it is!' I *do* know," she added, flashing a smile.

"Of course," now Joan was serious, "there are problems or what our elders call 'Growing Pains.' For example, my waistline. It's really a pain, trying to grow out of that gracefully. Trying to grow *into* a waistline, I should say. I want a *little* waistline. I look at Katharine Hepburn and Loretta Young and I get bluer than robins' eggs.

"I go swimming every morning of my life because they say swimming trims down the waistline. I do those up-and-down exercises, every morning, too, up-and-down, *up-and-down*. I knock myself out. I probably don't do

GROWING PAINS OF

Joan Leslie

Hollywood's "Sweetest Sixteen" tells how she is meeting those problems that perplex all teen-age girls

By
Gladys
Hall



At Home She's → Just A Kid



↙ At The Studio She's A Star



Only sixteen, still a schoolgirl to her mother and sisters—yet at the studio Joan Leslie plays love interludes with Gary Cooper (center above, one of the touching scenes from "Sergeant York" which made Joan famous as Gracie Williams), with Herbert Anderson in "The Male Animal" (left above), and steals a comedy scene from Henry Fonda (right above, from same film).

them right, though, because—*still* the same old waistline!

"Then there's my teeth—these braces!" Joan flashed me a rueful smile, all golden and metallic—"of course I take them out when I'm working," she explained, "but at all other times, here they are! They're necessary, of course—the cameramen have had to shoot around one side of my mouth on account of how *this* side has a very long tooth and a little baby one right next to it, showing, which looks very funny—and I can't expect cameramen to be crouching on all fours, shooting up at one side of my mouth forever!

"I'm trying to get rid of bad habits, too, like being late all the time (for school) and, mostly, biting my nails. I notice the stars in pictures with their long, long nails and I die of envy. It makes them look so *artistic*. I think I have discovered the cure for myself now, though—look!"—and Joan extended two still childish-looking hands, the nails of which were painted a really painful pinkish-purple, quite sick-making, as I made bold to remark—and she laughed, "That's just it! When I use this awful color nail polish it makes *me* so sick I don't bite them!

"But these are very little problems, really, I don't make too much of them. I think Sixteen usually makes the mistake of making its problems bigger than they are. So many people say, 'when I was Sixteen, I wanted to kill myself,'—they talk and write about the pains of

adolescence—well, there are some pains, of course, but they *are* 'growing pains' which means, doesn't it, that we will *outgrow* them!

"Growing pains come mostly, I think, from (a) we try to force ourselves to be older and wiser and smarter than we can be at our age and this distorts us; or (b) we can't decide what we want to do or to be and so we are confused and confusion always means unhappiness; or (c) we are so self-conscious with everyone, especially with boys, that we just want to annihilate ourselves. I think," said young Miss Leslie, looking rather pleased with her crisp classifications, "that that's about the sum and substance of it."

I said I thought it was.

"I think," Joan was continuing, "that almost the most painful pain is when we try to grow—unnaturally. When we try to act sophisticated, smart and wise. When we smoke and drink and make a great to-do about dates. Nothing aggravates me more than a girl trying to act older than her age. There's no sense to it, anyway, because people see right through you. They know you're just showing off.

"Like a sixteen-year-old girl trying to dress and behave like Marlene Dietrich, for example, or like Joan Crawford—why, it's *pitiful*! I don't mean we shouldn't try to copy some of the things they do, things that will improve us and that are right for us. (Please turn to page 74)



Grant takes "Arsenic and Old Lace" like Ulysses S. took Richmond! Read why he's as popular with his co-workers on the set as he is with you film fans

**By
Elizabeth Wilson**

CARY GRANT has been tapped for Capra! At long last. And he couldn't be happier. He smiles that silly little surprised smile of his (which makes strong women weak) and says, "I have always wanted to do a Capra picture. And 'Arsenic and Old Lace' is bound to be one of the funniest pictures ever made."

Although Cary has been the highest-priced light comedian on the screen for several years now he has never had a crack at a Capra picture. And that irked him. Every actor in Hollywood, in case you didn't know, would give his eye-teeth to be in a Capra picture. That's how Mr. Capra rates. If Elsa Maxwell gave a party (heaven forbid) tonight in Hollywood and requested all her actor guests to come as the rôle they liked most, the place would be simply lousy with *Mr. Deeds*.

After he finished "Suspicion" the attractive Mr. Grant went down to Mexico to do a little sight-seeing with the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow and the Countess di Frasso and a party of friends. (Cary travels with pretty fancy folks.) He was at Taxco having dinner when the tap came. Despite a telephone strike in the town he received a call from his agent Frank Vincent in Hollywood informing him that Capra wanted him for his next picture. "I haven't read the script," said Mr. Vincent. "Who cares about the script," said Mr. Grant, "if it's good enough for Capra, it's good enough for me."

"And I had another reason for wanting to play in this picture," said Cary, rather embarrassed, the way a guy gets when he's caught being sentimental. "I wanted to play in a picture with Jean Adair."

Cary has always liked his leading ladies (and Roz Russell, Irene Dunne, Katie Hepburn and Joan Fontaine will tell you that he is one of their favorite leading men) but he has never worked

CARY'S A CAPRA MAN NOW!

up a choke over any one of them. Not even the teensiest of sighs. But I'm telling you that when he mentioned Jean Adair he got all fussed, like a schoolboy, and I am certain I heard a distinct choke. He's an old softie, he is. Don't let his *savoir faire* and his fancy friends fool you—he's as full of old-fashioned sentiment as Quaker is full of oats. Get a load of this:

Seems that twenty years ago, Cary, who was Archie Leach then, and little more than a kid, was earning what passed for a living as an acrobat with a touring vaudeville company. (Cary was thirteen, you remember, when he ran away from his home in Bristol, England, to join a troupe which specialized in eccentric dancing, stilt stunts, and clown routines.) When the company played Rochester, New York, Cary came down with a

rheumatic fever, which started in his right foot and quickly progressed throughout his body. Severely ill, he was unable to travel when his troupe moved on to the next town. For six weeks he lay hovering between life and death in a cheap boarding house room, without a friendly smile from anybody. He was feeling pretty grim about it. On the new bill at the local vaudeville house was a class act starring a talented actress—Jean Adair. Miss Adair learned from one of the stagehands that a young acrobat had been left stranded in Rochester, and was very sick. She visited Cary at his boarding house and brought him a large basket of fruit. When she learned that the next day—January 18, 1921—was his birthday, she arranged a party for him with a cake, and candles, and presents. When (*Please turn to page 66*)

Grant gets ready for action (facing page). When he reported for work at Warners for Frank Capra's movie version of "Arsenic and Old Lace" the studio loaned him Errol Flynn's dressing room bungalow. But Cary preferred portable room right on sound stage, where he makes up, okays his stills, pours himself a cup of coffee—but has never been known to take a nap on the couch that is put there for his comfort. Below, with Priscilla Lane. Cary is the most considerate of all male stars, always consults his co-star though his contract gives him the right to okay all publicity.



Nicest Hollywood gesture in a long time is Cary Grant's toward the two character actresses who play the "gentle old ladies" who go about giving people poisoned elderberry wine in hilarious "Arsenic and Old Lace." Below, Cary with Josephine Hull and Jean Adair in scene from film and, bottom of page, entertaining them at lunch. He treated the two of them as if they were glamor girls and they loved every minute of working in the picture. Read the incredible story here of the unknown vaudevillian named Archie Leach once befriended by kindly Jean Adair.



Exclusive
photos by
Marigold,
Warner Bros.



"Younger Set" SCOOPS!

Virginia Weidler SNOOPS—
in a cute way, of course—
and the result is this gay
story about her gang"

As told to
Ida Zeitlin

Virginia
Weidler and
Ray McDon-
ald in M-G-
M's "Born To
Dance."



EVER since I saw Bonita Granville in "Nancy Drew, Reporter," I wanted to be a reporter because they see many exciting things, like murder. Then I met a man who was a reporter, and he told me to practice by noticing what happens and writing it down. No murders have happened, but he said it didn't matter, just write about what happens every day. So I did.

* * *

Today something exciting happened. I'm going to be in "Babes on Broadway" with Mickey and Judy. Mr. Freed and Mr. Buzz Berkeley saw me dance in a show we studio kids put on, so they said I could do it. I've played with Mickey before, but not with Judy. I think she's lovely.

Something sad also happened. I had a formal, but now I haven't. It was the one I wore in "Philadelphia Story." Being more grown up now, I decided to cut out the neck

You see sweet "snooper" Virginia, below, as she is today and, closeup facing page, as she was just yesterday. She tells you, in our story, about her friends, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, and—at right—cute Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper.



and sleeves without telling mother, as she might say no. When I put it on, I looked like a chicken with not enough feathers. Mother was quite upset. She says no more formals, till she forgets this unfortunate incident.

* * *

We started "Babes" today, and when Judy came in she was married! It happened last Sunday. They couldn't figure out when they'd have time for a honeymoon, so they just got married. Dave came on the set with her and stayed till noon. Everybody teased them, but they just smiled. Dave has a very cute smile. Judy looked lovely. It was very funny, because every two minutes a telegram came or some flowers, till Mr. Berkeley said: "Just pile 'em up in Mrs. Rose's dressing room." Then they all started calling her Mrs. Rose. Mickey'd stick his arm out and say: "May I have the pleasure of this scene with you, Mrs. Rose?"

She showed us her ring, and said they were staying at the Ambassador and had a suite over the pool or tennis court or something, I don't remember. And she dreamed that her fans were mad because she didn't marry Mickey, so in the dream she had to marry Mickey too, which put her in an awful fix because she was married to Mickey and Dave at the same time, which made her a bigamist. But when she woke up, it was all right because she was really—I don't know what you'd call it—a onegamist, maybe.

It was also a great day for me, as I finally got rid of those bratty pigtails and they fixed my hair in a pompadour roll, tied with a ribbon in back. Mick calls me Rosalind Russell, and Judy says I look two years older at least. Judy's exceptional.

* * *

Jane Withers asked us over today. She's got some swell records. Freddie Bartholomew gives her a new drum record every week. First we jitterbugged, then rumbaed. I don't rumba as good as I jitterbug, so I watched. Jane and Freddie (*Please turn to page 60*)



A Letter

From the heart comes this tribute to Carole Lombard, by one of the many studio workers who counted her as a true and unfailing friend

CAROLE, DEAR:

You said you were coming to our set to visit us next week. You said we'd have fun like we had before. So I looked forward to a lot of laughter. You said that Clark, Ruggles, you and I would have our pictures taken together and that we'd call 'that little number our anniversary.' That was last week. You said we'd celebrate too! We'd talk our heads off. I betcha money, this is what we'd have talked about—

Ten years ago a picture started and went brilliantly along all that first morning. Then the company "called lunch." Now, there's nothing startling about going to lunch. And we all returned from lunch. All except the leading lady. In a roundabout way we found that she thought the leading man was too much competition for her. While everybody was tearing their hair and saying that they'd have to rewrite the story for somebody else, a girl was getting ready to come to the studio. She had just finished a picture and was fixing to go away on a little trip.

Everything was quaintly mournful as we proceeded to "shoot around the girl," which means we did the scenes with all the other players. Then the producer arrived on the set with the girl who was going on her vacation. Listen, my friends, you should have been there! But you would probably have been knocked down, as I was, in the rush. I never saw people fall over each other



Photos by Hoover

Because it shows Carole Lombard as the great trouser she was, we publish this, her last photograph, made as she was leading an audience of 12,000 people in the singing of the National Anthem at Cadle Tabernacle, Indianapolis, Indiana, (her home state). Right, in State Capitol when Carole sold \$2,500,000 in bonds for her country



to Heaven

By
Romaine

Secretary to Wesley Ruggles, who was directing Clark Gable in his latest picture when the shocking news came that stunned all of Hollywood.

faster. Arms waved and dialogue flew and the lights hung aimlessly from rafters. The boys were hailing Miss Carole Lombard. And believe me, Miss Carole Lombard was hailing them!

By three o'clock the lady wasn't going on a vacation any more. It was suggested that she take the following day to get new clothes. "What's the matter with trying on the dress 'Whosis' was going to wear, for the starter, so you won't be held up?" she wanted to know. With a pin here and a stitch there, she turned around and said, "How do you like it?" At four that afternoon she was rehearsing and at four-thirty we got the first shot. I forgot to mention that somebody introduced her to the leading man—Mr. Clark Gable. Is it any wonder Carole has had a place in our hearts that NOBODY can replace?

And then we started to have fun. With a whirl of merry gags for which only Carole had the genius of creation. We called her "Bernhardt," and with knowing amusement, she gave Clark a nickname, too. She had the prop man get the biggest ham he could find. On it we pasted a big picture of Clark. She presented it to him. "Here, Ham," she said. "Lady, you mean, here's a ham—don't you?" he asked. "No. I mean—here—HAM!" He took it. That same day a large package was delivered to Miss Lombard on the set. She looked at Clark and said: "NOW—I REALLY smell HAM!" When she (*Please turn to page 86*)



Photo by Hoover

Typical of Carole's graciousness and good fellowship is picture above, showing Captain of Culver Military Academy Color Guard and Miss Lombard at flag raising. She won all hearts because, though her beauty proclaimed her the movie star, she remained a warm-hearted human being. Her last picture, "To Be Or Not To Be," will soon be released

SHE'S LIEUT. IDA LUPINO NOW!



Hollywood's dynamic young dramatic actress is now Lieut. Lupino, in charge of dispatching emergency air aid ambulances for the Los Angeles area. Miss Lupino was commissioned by the American Ambulance Corps and is required to wear a uniform at all times, except when she is before the cameras on the 20th Century-Fox lot in "Moon Tide." She must wear the uniform to and from the studio, changing to her costume in her dressing room on the set. Our exclusive picture shows her stepping from her car to report for her day's work at the studio. Like everyone in the Corps, Ida is learning to drive an ambulance. When she has a morning or afternoon free from the picture, she borrows the studio's ambulance and rehearses hairpin turns, quick parking.



Pictures here illustrate what Hollywood women are doing for national defense. Top, left, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Mrs. Milton Bren, Mrs. Coffman (wife of Port Commander), Myrna Loy and Kay Francis on canteen duty. Top right, Maureen O'Hara tries out the piano she gave the boys of the 58th Quartermasters Regiment of Camp Haun, California. Left center, Maureen, and Nancy Kelly; above, Ida Lupino at the telephone in her home, on a switchboard which reaches every emergency ambulance post in Los Angeles. The switchboard is established in her home because the house tops the highest crest in Hollywood, overlooking the entire Los Angeles area. Left, Commander Bolton and Lt. Commander Gwynne with Myrna Loy, Kay Francis, Mrs. Bren, Mrs. Zanuck.



Above, Kay Francis helps recruiting; Lt. J. C. Clark at right. Below, Bette Davis knits for the boys between scenes. At left, Kay and Myrna Loy are tireless workers and cheer the boys with smiles as well as hot coffee and doughnuts. At left below, Beth Drake entertains her co-workers while they await the all-clear signal in air raid shelter during a practice drill at Warner Bros. Burbank studio.





Welbourne, Warner Bros.

SHE'S

MRS. GEORGE BRENT NOW,
AND A FINE DRAMATIC ACTRESS
IN "KINGS ROW"—

BUT

SHE'S STILL THE
OOMPHIEST GIRL IN TOWN!

Ann Sheridan's surprise marriage to George Brent and her equally surprising performance in "Kings Row" have made her most-talked-about actress in Hollywood. Her private life happy, her career prospering since her poignant portrayal in that picture, Ann is news again

HE'S SENTENCED TO SEVEN YEARS!

Yes, Bogart is in for seven years of hard labor — but it's a pleasure, because he's the only actor in Hollywood rated that high by his studio. Bogey's boss, Jack Warner, after watching him in "All Through The Night," signed him for seven more years, with no options and no suspensions — a unique movie contract





THE PEASANT TYPE:

When the great French actor, Jean Gabin, makes his first Hollywood motion picture appearance in "Moon Tide," American movie audiences will see scenes like this, at left, in which the rugged Gabin makes love to Ida Lupino

LOVE IN SWING TIME:

She's his Sweater Girl, he's her Super Boy — Gene Tierney and Henry Fonda in a gay new cinema piece, "Rings on Her Fingers." But it's one ring in particular that interests our heroine, and she's working on that in scene below


LOOK AT
THESE LOVE SCENES!
THEY'RE the
CREAM
of the
CINEMA CROP





C'EST LA GUERRE:

War-time wooing of Joan Fontaine by Tyrone Power provides the poignant plot of "This Above All," important picturization of the best-seller. Joan as the aristocratic English girl serving her country, Tyrone as her unpredictable lover make a great screen team—see scenes above and at right. In another big new picture, "To the Shores of Tripoli," John Payne and Maureen O'Hara play the appealing romancers, top right



Elaine Morey, young Santa Ana, California, girl who conducted a dramatic school for child performers, was handed a contract when she contacted Universal studio on behalf of one of her pupils. This 19-year-old movie Cinderella is, like Laraine Day, a devout member of the Mormon Church, which has long supported clean theatricals; she has brains and poise in addition to her blonde good looks. After playing bits in two comedies, she'll be groomed for more important rôles

WHO ARE NEW!



When you see Veronica Lake's new picture, "This Gun for Hire," you will meet Alan Ladd, in the rôle of a fascinating but ruthless killer, and you will say: "A new star!" Ladd is a former North Hollywood high school boy who was student body president, track star and swimming champion there. He worked for two years as a laborer in a studio, went to dramatic school and was heard by Sue Carol, silent film star who is now an actors' agent. A Paramount contract followed



*Roman Freulich,
Universal Pictures*

Robert Cummings and Priscilla Lane have found each other — for Alfred Hitchcock's new thriller, "Saboteur." Debonair Bob had sprightly Pat in stitches between scenes, or so the above picture would have us believe.

DON'T STOP US IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE!



Mac Julian,
Warner Bros.

his favorite rôle, one he has long wished to play, is
James Cagney's latest: impersonating the great George
Cohan in screen version of Cohan's career, com-
plete with songs, dances, and Joan Leslie as leading lady

CAGNEY CLOWNS FOR "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"


BILL: BY REQUEST

We present this new portrait of William Lundigan in answer to urgent pleas of Bill's loyal fans, who believe their idol is a young Gary Cooper with traces of Cagney. More power to him, and more good parts such as his soldier in Wally Beery's film, "The Bugle Sounds"

NO MORE PUNS, PLEASE!

Laraine Day is properly grateful for all those headlines — you know, “What A Lovely Day!” and other effusive tributes. But she can’t help wishing that, just once, someone would salute her as a sincere and ambitious actress striving for distinction





Stimulating clash of vital personalities occurs in the new Bette Davis picture, "In This Our Life," with Dennis Morgan in his first powerful rôle since "Kitty Foyle." Scenes show Bette's charm at work on Mr. Morgan and give a slight inkling of his reactions (according to the script)

Bert Siz,
Warner Bros.

DEVASTATING DAVIS, MAGNETIC MORGAN

Ernest A. Bachrach
RKO-Radio



ELLEN DREW EDUCATES PROFESSOR KYSER!



Well, will you look at who's love-making! In the absence of Ginny Simms, lovely Ellen Drew draws the prize part in Kay Kyser's new film, "My Favorite Spy," most lavish Kyser comedy so far, produced by the old maestro Harold Lloyd, and featuring the popular Kyser troupe including Ish Kabibble





THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
A typical American family in "JOE SMITH, AMERICAN"

Robert Young plays an average young American in the aircraft industry, with Marsha Hunt as his wife and Darryl Hickman as his son



SPENCER TRACY'S new picture is called "Woman of the Year," which is a misnomer for, cinematically speaking, he comes pretty close to being "The Man of the Decade." Admittedly one of the finest actors in Hollywood, he comes close to being the most important name on the M-G-M roster. What makes it even more important is that he also came close to being "the little man who wasn't there."

Spence would be the forgotten man today had it not been for the implicit faith in him and his ability of a man who is himself today forgotten—Winfield Sheehan. Time and again the executives of the old Fox Company (by whom Spence was first signed) wanted to let him go. Oh, they never disputed his ability as an actor but they said he had no box-office appeal—and never would have. But Mr. Sheehan was adamant in his belief that Spence would one day be a great star. He had all the faith in the world in him—but he never gave him a good picture after his first one, "Up The River." So our Mr. Tracy went from one bad picture to another that was worse. Yet out of all that welter of mediocrity, he delivered what I still think is his finest screen portrayal—that of the motorcycle cop in "Disorderly Conduct."

It was that picture that sold me on Spence and I immediately launched a one-man (*Please turn to page 56*)

**By
S. R.
Mook**

Checking ✓ Up on TRACY

"Woman of the Year," new picture with Hepburn, makes Tracy the Man of the Hour again, and reminds his old friend among Hollywood reporters that Spence once came close to being "the little man who wasn't there"





Your **GUIDE** *at a* **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"WOMAN OF THE YEAR"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
STIMULATING!

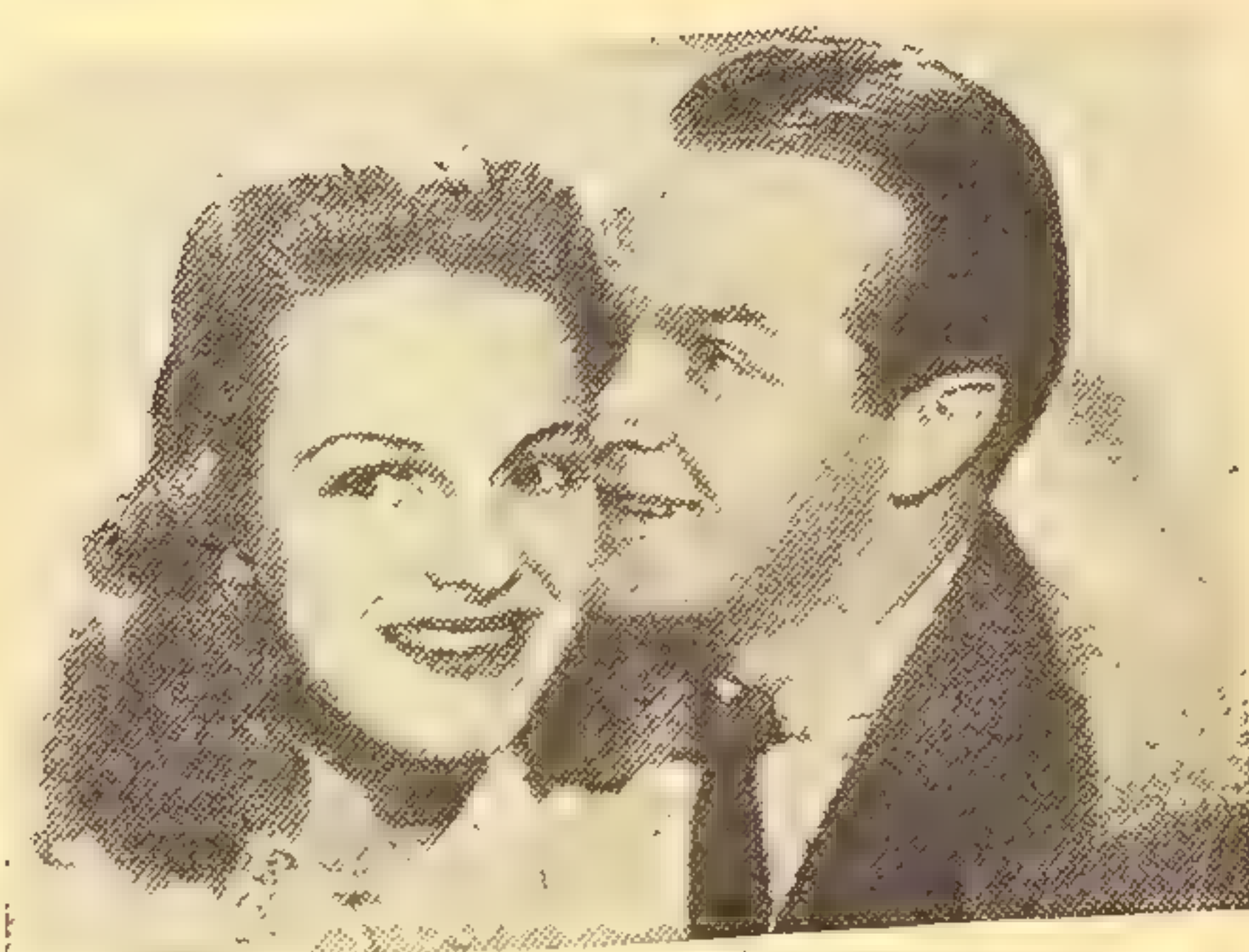
APPEAL: Married or single, sentimental or sophisticated—you'll find this fun, whether it's bellylaughs or boo-hoos you're after.

PLOT: Dynamic woman columnist, expert on international affairs, finds herself embarking, much to her own surprise, upon a domestic affair with a sports reporter. Yep, old marriage vs. career conflict, but with this difference: it doesn't degenerate into boudoir slapstick, as some recent movies we could name; it has bright dialogue, urbane direction by George Cukor, M-G-M's know-how in production, and it has Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, most stimulating screen team in years.

ACTING: Here's a softer Hepburn, radiantly romantic as her rôle requires the melting process of brittle career girl into tender wife—and here's a brilliant comedienne in the funniest scene of the season, practically pure pantomime, in which our Kate wrecks the kitchen in her attempts to cook breakfast for her man. For the first time /a Hep will win over those fans who have been scared off by her streamlined snootiness. A great show-woman, she is. Spencer Tracy has a typical Tracy part, rugged and resigned, with no arty touches; and he has never been better.

M-G-M

"LOUISIANA PURCHASE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GAY!

APPEAL: If you want a smart and lavish Broadway musical comedy with every extra attraction Hollywood can devise, here's your super-show.

PLOT: The original ran on Broadway so long it was accepted as a landmark such as the Empire State Building. But if you didn't catch it as a play you'll have the added pleasure of seeing it fresh as a movie, and that's a real treat, because its sharp satire of politics, its clever dialogue and tuneful songs are enhanced by a terrific cast including Victor Moore in his immortal rôle of snoopy Senator Loganberry, and Bob Hope and Vera Zorina as plotters trying to divert his investigations in carnival time.

ACTING: It is pretty much Mr. Moore's show and rightly, for his is a classic rôle, and he plays it to perfection. Bob Hope, though, is not one to be easily eclipsed, and whether he is making sly love to the ineffable Zorina, or thwarting Mr. Moore's efforts to clean up city politics, he is a panicle—as usual. Zorina herself emerges as much more than a fine dancer here; she's a charming comedienne. Dona Drake scores in her too few scenes with her elfin grace and youthful exuberance, and all.

Paramount

"KINGS ROW"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
POWERFUL!

APPEAL: If you read the book by Henry Bellaman and know what to expect, then this is your Drama of the Month. But tain't funny, McGee.

PLOT: The seamy side of an American small town revealed, with such facts of life as sadism and insanity squarely faced, stressing strength of character which triumphs over disaster—intelligently and sensitively directed, splendidly performed, and magnificently photographed. Perhaps a picture for the few rather than the many, and certainly not for escapists—still, a cinema achievement in its sincerity and fidelity to detail. It could not have received more superior production, but—why?

ACTING: Surprise is not to find the lustrous name of Ann Sheridan in the cast, but to see her playing her first serious part, and playing it beautifully. Minus all oomphy aids, Ann is quietly convincing, always, and in several scenes genuinely moving, and if you're a Sheridan fan you'll go to "Kings Row" for her performance alone. Ronald Reagan is also a revelation in a rôle requiring considerably more than breezy charm. He's excellent. Betty Field is superb as the unfortunate Cassie, but Robert Cummings fails to make Parris a believable character.

Warner Bros.

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Evans

"CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
IMPRESSIVE!

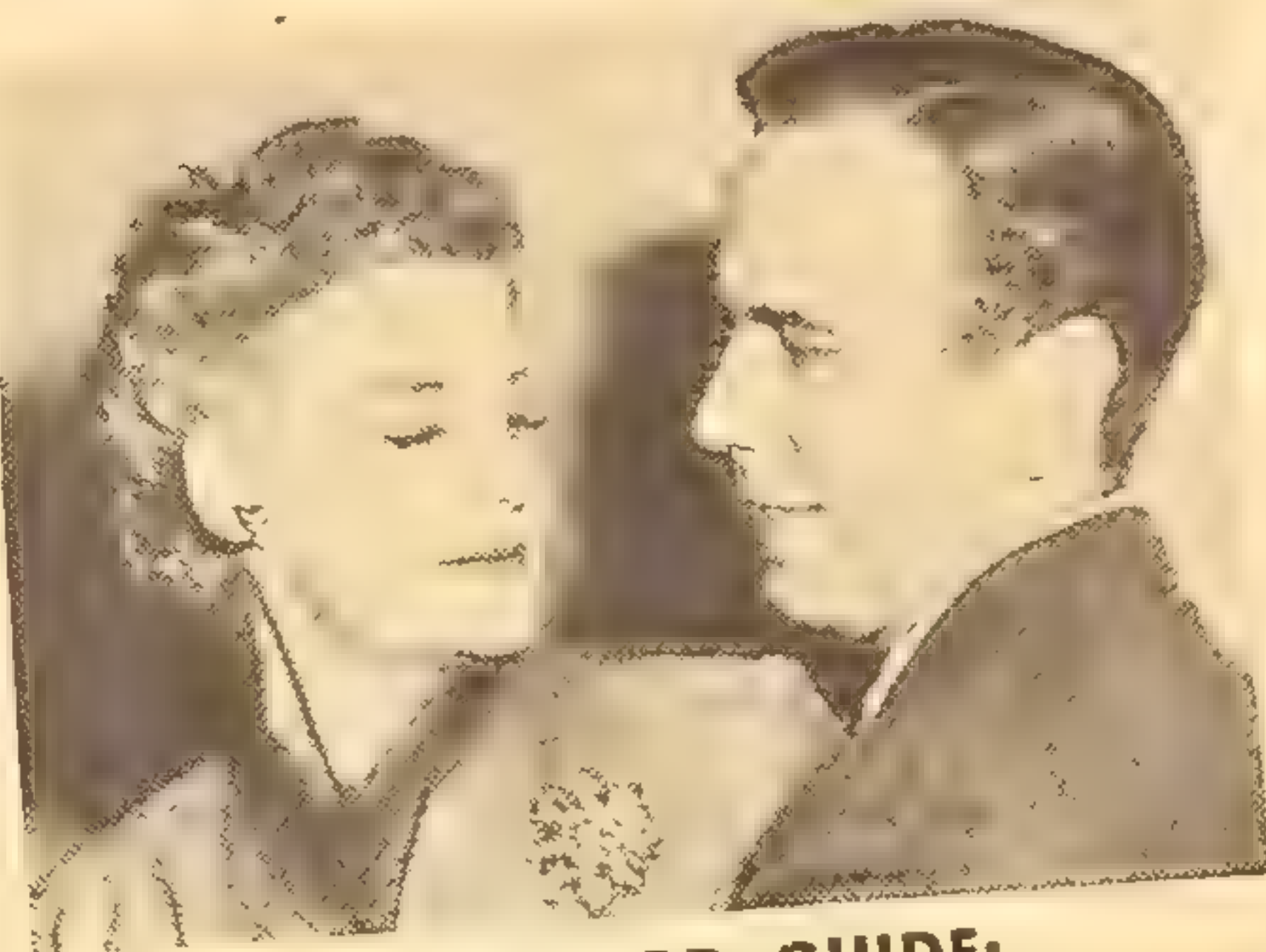
APPEAL: If you demand action, you get it, and the real thing, too, in this timely tribute to the heroism of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

PLOT: Made with the close cooperation of the Canadian government, this is by far the best current example of a spirited movie which will convey more positively than any poster the important message of our time. But don't let that "message" bother you; it's wrapped up in a speedy story about the experiences of a daredevil group of free-lance flyers in northern Canada, tough and fearless fellows whose further adventures as instructors in the air force will grip your interest. Climax is thrilling bomber flight to England.

ACTING: As the lustiest of the happy-go-lucky flyers Cagney can't miss. Good foil for his swagger and bluster is Dennis Morgan, who not only does a straightforward acting job as Cagney's rival for the one lass in the cast but will have all the girls out front sighing over his appearance in Technicolor. Also benefitting by the Kalmus treatment is Brenda Marshall, prettier than ever as a wild woman of the woods. Alan Hale romps and roars as Cagney's pal, with George Tobias and Reginald Gardiner lending stalwart support.

Warner Bros.

"ALL THRU THE NIGHT"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
CHILLER!

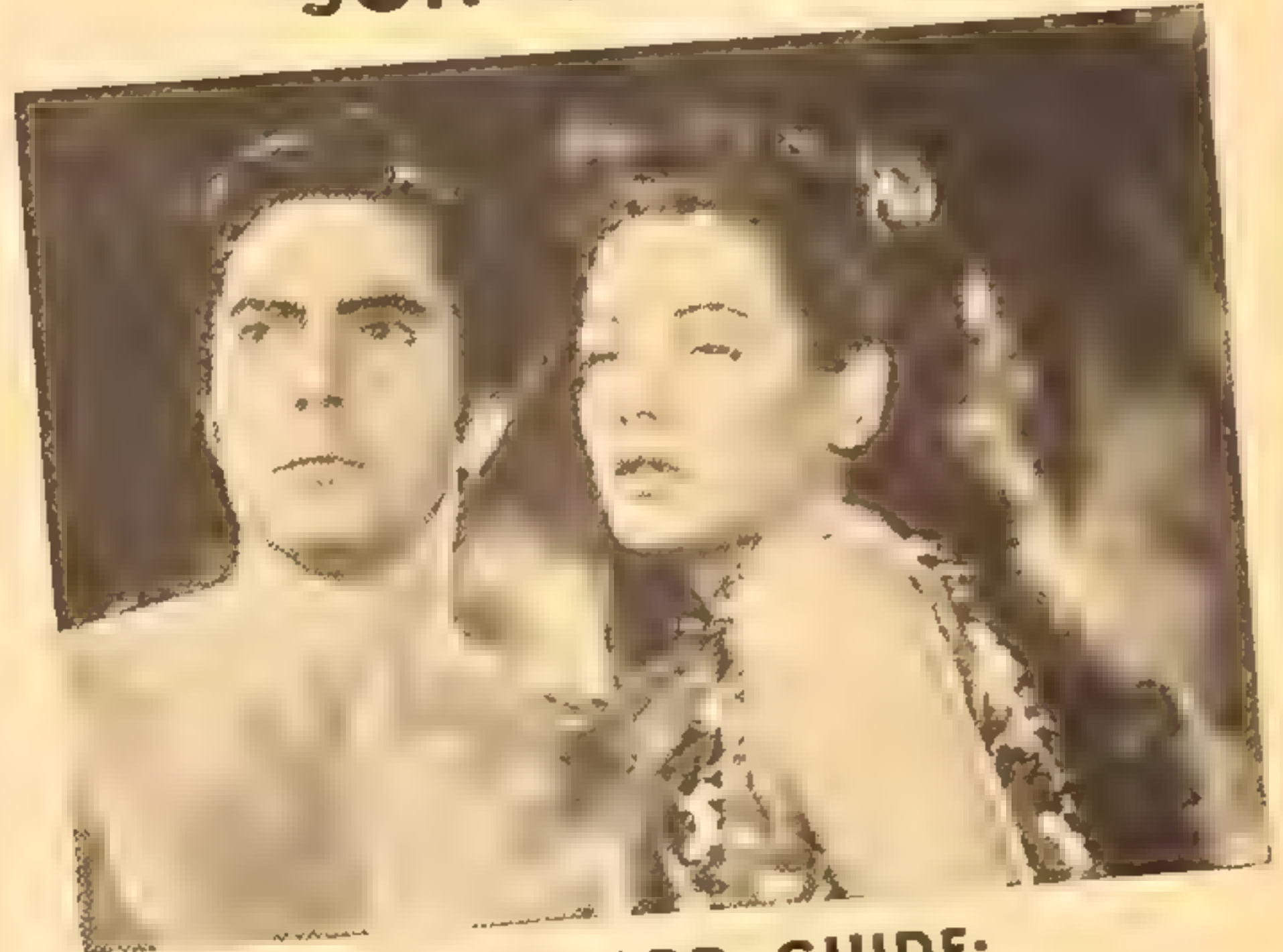
APPEAL: Survived previous Bogart thrillers, haven't you? Then brace yourself for the gustiest of the lot, with Nazi complications.

PLOT: Racketeer Bogart tangles with the Gestapo! If you know your 'Killer,' you know who wins. Picture wastes no time at all, starting with a murder in which Bogey is mixed up, proceeding through his efforts to clear himself and fasten the crime on Fifth Columnists, ending with a brawl between the gangster mob and the Gestapo. Incredible, but so crammed with excitement and suspense you won't have time to ask questions, until it's over, and then you'll just want to relax.

ACTING: It took Hollywood longer than it did the movie audiences to discover Humphrey Bogart; he is strictly a star by popular demand. But give the producers credit—they know, now, how to feature their best bad boy—and he's a credit to them in his own sinister way. He's in fast company here, with Conrad Veidt and Peter Lorre; but he's still the meanest. Kaaren Verne is a decorative heroine; and William Demarest and Frank McHugh are, as usual, dependable for broad comedy.

Warner Bros.

"SON OF FURY"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
ROMANTIC!

APPEAL: Who doesn't want to escape to the South Seas with Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney? What? Well, then, escape with George Sanders?

PLOT: From "The Story of Benjamin Blake," about an English boy deprived by a wicked uncle of his heritage, and his righteous revenge—but not until he has suffered great privation, shipped to the South Seas, dived for pearls, and fallen in love with a flower of the tropics—after which he returns to fight for his birthright. And what a fight! To see the elegant Mr. Power beat up the brutal Mr. Sanders is well worth your admission money. You may not believe it, but you'll enjoy it.

ACTING: Tyrone is terrific, I heard somebody saying as she left the theater. Whether she meant in his costumes or his characterization I don't know; but it's true either way, and Tyrone is still the one actor who can wear those breeches and beruffled shirts and retain his, and our respect. Miss Tierney is not yet terrific but she is properly sweet and naïve as the native siren. George Sanders is a fascinating villain—when will Hollywood listen to audience clamor and give him the break his popularity warrants?

20th Century-Fox

Bravo, Michele Morgan! Bravo, Paul Henreid! Our hats are off to these two newcomers who make their American screen debut in "Joan of Paris"

Although they are two distinct and forceful personalities, they share our honor page because, in "Joan of Paris," they are equally magnificent



"Joan of Paris," romantic thriller, concerns the plight of an RAF flier, Paul Henreid, who is downed in Nazi-occupied France, and a French bar-maid, Michele Morgan, who sacrifices her life to help him escape. Both performances are splendid and it is difficult to say which is better. Words seem useless when these two, with their strange beauty and handsomeness, register their emotions. There are tender love scenes, tremendous suspense. The eery scenes in which Paul is shadowed by the Gestapo are so convincing you'll think you are being followed, on leaving the theater. Encore for this brave new team!





Another Pond's Bride-to-be

MARION LYNN, exquisite daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Lynn of the prominent Chicago family. Her engagement to Bertram L. Menne, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky, was announced New Year's Day, 1941.

HER RING is a beautiful brilliant-cut blue-white solitaire, set fairly high, and on each-side a single round diamond set a little lower. The band is platinum.



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See how Marion Lynn's soft-smooth Glamour Care will help *your* skin. Marion says: "I think Pond's Cold Cream is splendid for skin that's thin and sensitive like mine. It's so light, so soft and soothing itself—and softens and cleans my skin beautifully.

"I always use it *twice* each time—like this:

- "1. I SLATHER Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over my face and throat and pat all over with brisk little pats. This helps to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Then I tissue it all off.
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PRECIOUS LEAVE— Marion and Bert a few hours before he was called back to the officers' training school at Quantico, Virginia. She teased him about that close-cropped Navy haircut—but he had only adoring looks for her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.



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Hurry today to *your* favorite beauty counter for Pond's soft-smooth Cold Cream—the glamour face cream used by so many lovely engaged girls and by leading society beauties like Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt and Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps. And Pond's makes for you four other famous beauty aids:

Pond's *Vanishing Cream*

Pond's lovely new *Dry Skin Cream*

Pond's new *Dreamflower Face Powder* (6 shades)

Pond's "LIPS" that *stay on longer!* (5 shades)



It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream!



Dancing "Overtime"

Arthur Murray Teachers use Odorono Cream for Sweetness Sake

• *Bunny Duncan* is busier than ever these days teaching dancing to men in camp and on leave. Like other Arthur Murray dancers she chooses Odorono Cream as her favorite line of defense against underarm odor and dampness.

Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance *safely* 1 to 3 days! It's non-greasy, non-gritty, non-irritating! Generous 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes, plus tax. Get some today!

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1 FULL OZ. JAR—
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Gervais Wallace, of
the Washington Studio,
sparkling and fresh after
hours of dancing!

**ENDS PERSPIRATION
ANNOYANCE FOR 1 TO 3 DAYS**



**GIVES YOU MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY**

**ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—
REGULAR AND INSTANT**

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 15

In your January issue, in the "Hot from Hollywood" section, I find the following item:

"Make way for the Varsoviana. No, it isn't a new breakfast food. It's a dance that Janet Gaynor and Adrian have introduced to Hollywood society. They brought it back from Mexico and predict that it will sweep the country." And the article goes on to describe how the dance is done.

During my stay in the Army (at Fort Lewis, Washington, from May 23, 1940, to September 19, 1941) I have danced the Varsoviana many, many times. I danced this dance at the Crescent Ballroom, located at 13th and Fawcett Ave., Tacoma, Washington.

This is to let you know that people have been dancing the "Varsoviana" for a long time and that it isn't a new dance. Also, that it is and has been "sweeping the country" for a long time.

PVT. HAROLD A. GREWE,
San Bernardino, Calif.

HONORABLE MENTION

I think the smartest or luckiest move made by any studio in Movieburg this year was made by Warners when they decided to star Humphrey Bogart. Bogie is about the toughest nice guy that Warners has ever developed and they come through with a pretty good crop every year. His mannerisms and gestures take with the fans. Any Jimmy Cagney fan will be a Bogart fan and Jim has plenty of followers.

If I had had anything to say about handing out Academy Awards, Bogie would have gotten an Oscar for his fine portrayal of the gangster in "High Sierra." This was a top-notch story and the direction was perfect. The same is true of "The Maltese Falcon."

I don't think I'm sticking my neck out when I say that if Bogie continues to get good stories it won't be long before he will be pushing Mickey Rooney, Bette Davis, and Clark Gable for a leading position on the lists of "ten bests."

EVELYN PLOPPER, Litchfield, Ill.

Checking Up on Tracy

Continued from page 51

campaign for him. My plugging brought about as much results as Bing Crosby's prestige brings his horses.

It was after a couple of years of indifferent pictures that he called me one night to triumphantly announce Warner Bros. had borrowed him for the lead in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing." "If this doesn't put me over," he exulted, "I'll just have to resign myself to playing character parts the rest of my life."

Ordinarily both the film and his performance would have won Academy Awards. But Spence's early career in pictures was ill-starred, for, almost simultaneously, the same studio produced "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" starring Paul Muni. Mr. Muni's performance, although breathtaking, was no whit better than Spencer's. But Muni was under contract to Warners, so they concentrated on *his* film—and he drew the Academy Award.

Spence returned to his home lot from a triumph such as "Sing Sing" to be cast in such masterpieces as "Shanghai Madness" and "A modern version of 'Dante's Inferno.'"

Ed Sullivan once claimed credit in his column for "discovering" Spencer. Perhaps he did—in New York when Spence was on the stage. I think, in my humble way, I have done something for him in pictures. Neither of our plugs would ever have got him anywhere had it not been for Winfield Sheehan. Yet even Mr. Sheehan would never have had the opportunity of seeing Spencer's work had it not been for the confidence in him and his ability of the one person who has never received any credit for discovering him—Louise, his wife.

Pat O'Brien was raised with Spence and it was Pat, himself, who gave me this hitherto unpublished illustration of Louise's belief in him. "We enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts," Pat said. "We finished the course, got jobs as robots in the Theatre Guild production of 'R.U.R.' and then secured various engagements that didn't amount to a hill of beans and didn't give either of us any opportunity. Spence had got a job in a stock company in Cin-

cinnati. Louise was the leading lady. They fell in love and married. All of us were starving to death and, since Spence's father was a big figure in the automobile business in Milwaukee, I said to Spence: 'It looks as though we're shooting at the moon in this game. Let's call it quits and go home and settle down.'

"Louise flamed. She was always a good actress but she never put as much emotion into any rôle as she did in her reply to my suggestion. 'No!' she blazed to Spence, ignoring me. 'If you give up the theater I'll leave you. You're not a good actor, you're a *great* actor! I don't mind going hungry. I don't mind doing our laundry. I don't mind *any* sacrifice because *you* have something not one actor in ten thousand has and the day will come when you'll be acclaimed the finest actor on the stage! I'm not only willing but *eager* to do anything I can to help you toward that day. But DON'T QUIT. You CAN'T!'

"It isn't often," Pat finished, "a man finds someone with that much confidence in him."

Louise has never told me anything of that. Spence has never told me. The closest I ever came to finding out anything of what they went through was when Spence told me after they left the Cincinnati job and returned to New York, their money ran out and they began borrowing, carefully budgeting themselves to a 50¢ per day food allowance.

"Louise was pregnant," he muttered, "and *had* to have food so we allotted 35¢ a day for her. I went on a rice-pudding diet because it was filling. I could tell you every restaurant from the Bowery to the Bronx that served the stuff and tell you which gave the most cream (?) with it and which the most raisins."

Finally he got a job as leading man with a stock company at Union Hill, New Jersey. Their money was gone. He tried to get an advance against his first week's salary but was told he could not draw any money until after the first act on the opening night. So, the night before the stock company opened, he and Louise went into a

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You'll love the way **ACTIVE** lather gently caresses the skin, then swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. You'll love the delicate fragrance this smooth white soap leaves on your skin. Try it and see!

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NO BELTS
NO PINS
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THE look-of-the-month is partly a look of physical discomfort, but still more it is a tell-tale look of embarrassment. It comes from the fear a woman has that her "secret" is not a secret to others. Under a thin dress or any snug costume, you may try to arrange a *smoother* line or *smaller* bulge, but it is still a bulge. But if you use Tampax, there is *no* bulkiness whatever because Tampax is worn internally. You are not even conscious of wearing it.

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dairy lunch, ordered an egg sandwich for a nickel AND DIVIDED IT!

Pat was right. It isn't often a man finds someone with that much confidence in him.

Yet neither Louise's faith in him—nor Mr. Sheehan's—is just an instinctive thing. It is based on a knowledge of the man himself—and a realization of how he has risen to emergencies at other times.

When he was playing in a comedy called "Whispering Friends" in Detroit, his father died suddenly. Spence went on and played his part at the Saturday matinée and night performance, then accompanied his father's body to Freeport where it was to be interred. He rejoined the company in Chicago on Monday, found there was to be no performance that night, flew back to Freeport for the funeral Tuesday and played his part at the Tuesday evening performance!

There was another time while he was playing in "The Last Mile" when his mother was desperately ill in one hospital, his baby was in another with a very bad case of infantile paralysis and his wife was in a third for an emergency appendicitis operation. Spence never missed a performance. "I don't know how I got through it," he says now, "but you can do a lot when you have to. I only remember that when I used to go on in that third act, and came to the part where I was supposed to cry, I'd really break down and I couldn't stop crying."

You can't tell me a fellow who, to use a trite expression, realizes to that extent that "the show must go on" won't eventually come through under any circumstances.

Perhaps I'm conceited, but I think I know and understand Spence as well as anyone, save his wife and brother Carroll, who manages his affairs. Spence's naïveté runs second only to his ability as an actor. No fan was ever more of a hero-worshipper.

Once Snowy Baker, the Australian polo player, invited Spence to visit Australia with him. "Imagine that!" Spence ejaculated. "He's a national figure over there! Everyone knows him. Wouldn't it be wonderful to make a trip like that with a man like that?"

That he (Spencer) is an *international* figure and that it would be quite a *coup* for Snowy to bring him home as a guest never occurred to Spence!

Once, in the days when Spence was nobody on the screen, James Cagney spoke of him to me as "the finest actor on the American stage." Jimmy wasn't talking for effect because, at the time, they barely knew each other, and when I repeated the compliment to Spence he could scarcely believe his ears. "Did he *really* say that?" he exclaimed delightedly.

A friendship started between them shortly afterwards that is still a Hollywood legend, for no two people ever had more dissimilar characters. About the only thing they have in common is the difference between their screen portrayals and their off-screen selves. Both men are frequently cocky, brash and self-assured in their characterizations. In real life both of them are retiring to the point of painfulness; although even that trait manifests itself differently in them.

Jimmy simply has an aversion to strangers coming up and speaking to him. But he goes where he thinks he'll be amused and if people he doesn't know insist upon speaking to him, he answers them courteously, takes things in his stride, and gets away from them as soon as he can without being rude.

Spence really shrinks from going out in public. Several years ago his mother lived in a fashionable apartment hotel in Los Angeles. It was a ritual that on Thursday nights Spencer, Louise, and their son

Johnny had dinner with her. A number of times they were kind enough to ask me along. Invariably he and I had dinner sent up to his mother's living room, while the others ate downstairs in the dining room. Even when I wasn't along, he had his dinner sent up and ate alone.

Despite the dissimilarity in their characters, the friendship endures. A few years ago, finding they were not seeing as much of each other as they wished, on account of the peculiar set-up of Hollywood social life, they set aside one night a week to be together. On that night Spencer, Jimmy, Pat O'Brien, Ralph Bellamy, Lynn Overman, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins get together for dinner and to hash over old times. Their wives shift for themselves that night.

They eat around in different places. One night they had dined at the Beachcombers' but finding nothing on the menu in the way of dessert that appealed to them, they drifted down to a small ice-cream parlor on Hollywood Boulevard. The proprietress almost swooned when the contingent of stars walked into her place but her confusion increased when each of the screen's tough men gravely ordered a hot fudge sundae!

Recently Cagney and I were spending an evening together and Spence's name came up. "Sometimes I almost wish he had never won those Academy Awards!" I burst out vehemently.

"Why?" Jimmy asked.

"He's no fun any more," I fumed. "He always seems so worried and preoccupied. He doesn't seem himself at all."

"He plays beautifully with *us*," Jimmy demurred.

The next time I saw Spence I mentioned it to him. "I don't understand what you mean," he protested.

"Well," I tried to explain, "I always have the feeling now that you are worried for fear you won't be able to live up to those past performances—that nothing matters to you except topping them."

Spence thought it over for a moment, then shook his head. "It wasn't the awards. Naturally, I was flattered but when I stop to think of some of the others who've received the awards, I don't take them too seriously. Perhaps I *do* worry over my work, but it isn't for fear I won't get another award. It's because I'm bothered about the poor parts I'm getting. You know that old wheeze out here: 'An actor is only as good as his last picture.'"

"Nobody but Gable could have survived some of the parts *he's* had—and he's no Gable. I couldn't afford to run the risk of playing in some of the pictures he's had."

He paused again and then that grin of his broke through. "I guess maybe I'm near the end of my rope. I've been in pictures almost twelve years now and I'm not a juvenile any more. Well, it was fun while it lasted and neither the stage, nor pictures nor Hollywood owes me a thing. In fact, they've all been mighty good to me."

Ordinarily I might have received this with alarm—with a foreboding that perhaps he was getting ready to retire. But, knowing him, I think it was only an off-day and he was feeling a little sorry for himself.

I think it was only a day or so after our meeting that he was introduced to Hepburn, who plays opposite him in this new picture. "I'm afraid I'm a little tall for you, Mr. Tracy," she acknowledged the introduction.

"I'll cut you down to my size," he laughed.

And he'll still be laughing and accepting similar challenges as he dodders around some stage when he's ninety!



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"Younger Set" Scoops!

Continued from page 31

are simply exceptional at the rumba. They popped their eyes and shook their heads like the grownups do, only the grownups look silly and they just looked funny. You're always kind of surprised to see Freddie do it, because he doesn't play dancing parts, only dramatic.

Then we barbecued wienies and hamburgers and Mr. Withers helped, he's a jolly man. Then we went over to Freddie's to see his drums. Freddie's certainly a pretty good friend of Jane's all right. He even let her play the drums awhile. Nobody's allowed to touch Jackie Cooper's drums, not even Bonita. I guess I'll have to die, or anyway be dangerously sick, before anybody'll let me play their drums. You'd think a girl with three brothers with their own band would get to play a drum *once* in a while. I keep begging and begging Warner, and he knows I'd be reverent with them, but he turns a deaf ear.

I never had such fun on a picture. Mick and Judy laugh all the time. He's just like a male Judy Garland, and she's like a female Mickey Rooney. They kid the director and the kids and especially each other. Judy says how awful to spend your honeymoon making love to Mickey Rooney, and Mick says if she was his wife, he'd hang her on the line with clothespins. But the minute the scene starts, they jump right in, and how!

For instance, today they were shooting the *How About You* dance, turning cartwheels over tables and chairs till you'd think they'd be pooped, but instead of resting between shots, they came over where we kids were rehearsing the hoe-down and coached us and got us all steamed up, so when they finally shot it Mr. Berkeley said it was swell, and he'd hire them to coach all his dance routines while he retired.

Mick was terribly kind to me this afternoon. He didn't have anything to do for about ten minutes, so he spent the whole time talking to me about drums.

We had to give Clumsy away, because the neighbor lady is rather nervous. She was mad anyhow, on account of the boys practicing so much, and into the bargain Clumsy would howl whenever they came to a certain note on the sax. So she called the police station, and they came and asked us how many dogs we had, and we've got four, so they said you're only allowed to have three in Westwood, so we had to give Clumsy away because he was the last, not because we didn't love him as much.

P.S.—I didn't cry.

P.P.S.—He has a very lovely home at the Uplifters Club.

Bonita invited me to lunch at RKO with her and Jackie, because I wasn't working today. They get to be quite old in this picture, "Syncopation"—thirty-four or something—so Jackie had a moustache and Bonita's hair was in a pompadour roll. She likes it, but Jackie doesn't, and neither does her mother. So when she went out one night with Jackie she wanted to wear it that way, though her mother said it's silly and not in the least appropriate. But she did anyway, till Jackie came in and said, "Look, dame, take that off!" So she went upstairs and took it very meekly off. I guess girls will do things for boys they won't do for their mothers.

I wore my kelly green coat to the studio today and my first silk stockings. It's the kelliest green you ever saw and everybody yelled: "You ought to get a kelly green coat, Virginia." But Judy noticed my stockings and told me how proud she felt the first time she wore them. The only thing is, if there's war, there might not be any more, just when I get to wear them. Judy said don't worry, if I don't have them, nobody else will either and besides, silk stockings don't matter when there's a war. If I have to be truthful, it'll cost me a pang to give them up, still it's easier to give them up for a war than for nothing.

Mickey brought Ava Gardner to the set. My, but she's pretty! And just the opposite of Mickey, sort of quiet and reserved. All the kids think she's swell and the boys call her Hedy LaGarr.

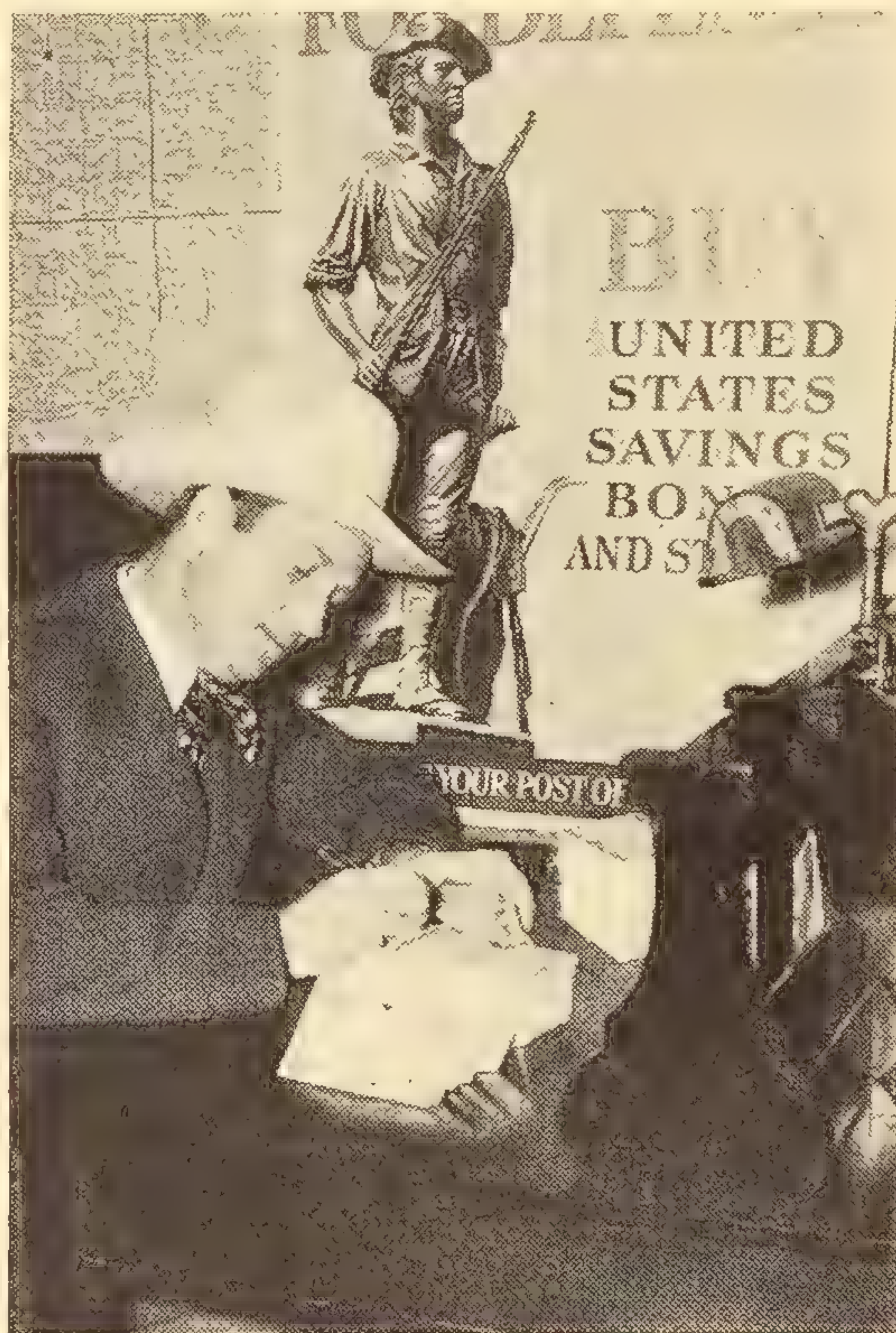
I had an interview, where they ask about your favorite things, like who's the prettiest actress. I said Judy Garland. Who's the best dancer and singer? I said Judy Garland. Who's the best actress? I said Judy Garland. They said, well, by actress, we mean more a dramatic actress like Bette Davis. I said Judy Garland.

The neighbor lady's still nervous, so mother had to rent a special house without any neighbors for the boys to practice in.

I get ten dollars a week now, but I have to buy my own stockings and socks and blouses and underwear. It's all right when I'm on a picture, as I never have time to spend any money then except buy some chewing gum once in a while. Not working, though, is my ruin. By Thursday, I've got my hand out to mother for fifty cents till Saturday. She makes me pay it back. You'd think a girl's mother would forget a mere fifty cents, but she says do it right or don't do it at all. I know how she feels. I know how Charlie McCarthy feels; too.

This is the most important thing I ever wrote since I started being a reporter, more important than murder even. Today we all went to war.

Freddie Bartholomew called up and told us to come to his house this evening for



Gene Autry autographs Defense Stamp albums which he helped sell, in the town of Gene Autry, Oklahoma, formerly called Berwyn, and renamed for the star.

a meeting. I went with my brother Warner. About thirty-five kids were there—Jane and Jackie and Bun, Ann Gillis, Edith Fellowes, Cora Sue Collins, Sid Miller, Gloria de Haven, June Lockhart, Buddy Pepper, Joe Brown and loads more.

Freddie said the government wants us movie kids to help them sell defense bonds and stamps, and we have to have an organization, and let's see if we haven't got sense enough to take the responsibility and do it ourselves instead of calling in the grownups who were in the next room—his aunt Cis and his granny and grandfather, and Jane's father and mother. So we said okay.

Every Saturday some of us are supposed to go down to the Defense House in Pershing Square and put on a show, then sign the bonds and stamps people buy. That's the first thing. Then we'll put on shows in schools and charge a ten-cent defense stamp for admission and ask the kids to buy stamps and give up a soda or a movie or something to do it, and we'll start by giving up something we crave every week. Then later we'll think of other things to do, like donating your blood.

We voted for the name of the club, and it's Junior Division for Defense Savings. We elected Freddie chairman, Jackie Cooper vice-chairman, June Lockhart secretary and Sid Miller production manager. He says what kids should go down each Saturday and what they're to do, and we voted that positively nobody is ever allowed to be late at a show or meeting, and the only time you can ever miss it is either if you're working or so sick you simply can't get out of bed, even if you have only one line to say. We wanted Jane for something, because she's so peppy and gets two ideas every minute, but as she's already head of the Mascots, she said that's enough, and even if she didn't think so, her mother did. Mascots is the young division of the American Women's Voluntary Service. She wrote it down for me, so I could report it.

Sid appointed Jackie to bring his band the first Saturday, then Ken Baker, then my brother Warner. After his mother died, Jackie got his band together again, simply for defense, and Bonita's mother soundproofed their playroom, for defense of the neighbors, and lets Jackie's band practice there. Bun asked him, how about getting up early. Jackie's the longest sleeper when he's not working. He won't let his phone ring till half past eleven, and when we kids want to do him dirt, we call him at nine. But he said for defense it's okay. He lives in a bachelor apartment now, and Bun has to show him about things like putting the garbage out, and if you keep eggs for five weeks, they don't smell good.

All the girls who can't knit decided to learn, and not knit for themselves or friends, only soldiers. Jane and Bun are outstanding knitters. They don't have to look, so can even do it in the movies without wasting time. They knitted all evening. Jackie lighted his pipe all evening. You can't really say Jackie smokes a pipe, he just lights it and takes a puff and it goes out, then he lights it and takes another puff and it goes out. He says it doesn't get him anywhere but feels good, like holding a girl's hand. I guess he meant Bun's.

After the meeting Aunt Cis had a lovely supper for us—chicken patties and peas and cake and punch or cocoa or whatever you wanted to drink. We kidded Freddie about his picture someone painted, and said the ears are too big and the nose is too small, and he said kindly enlarge on the matter to Cis, then maybe she'd take it down or turn it to the wall, because he feels silly having it there but aunts will be aunts.

Then Sid called us to the piano, and

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played the *Star Spangled Banner* and we all sang it, and it felt different from any other time. Then we went home.

This was our first Saturday at Pershing Square. We decided to all go down together the first time and sort of introduce ourselves. We sat on a kind of platform covered with a tent, except one side is open. Jackie and the band were behind us, and Freddie was master of ceremonies. He said: "I am very fortunate here. Usually when I tell a joke, everybody walks away before I finish. You'll probably see the kids here on the platform make some horrible faces, as they've heard the jokes many times before. But you people in front are so squeezed in, you'll just have to stay and listen."

They did too, and they even laughed, as they hadn't heard the jokes before. Then Jane sang, and Buddy Pepper played the piano and Edith Fellowes sang. Then those who had nothing ready just said something like, "I'm Virginia Weidler and please buy as many bonds and stamps as you can and we'll be down again next Saturday for another show." Then we went into the little Defense House and signed them, and the man said they bought about seventy-five thousand dollars worth. We didn't know if that was a lot to the government, but he said it was.

Mother gave me a ten-dollar bonus to help out with Christmas. I guess it looked bigger to me than seventy-five thousand looks to the government. Bonuses have a great advantage over loans, you don't have to give them back.

Tim Taylor called up and invited me to his New Year's party. He said the kids decided no formals, because you can't have as much fun in formals, you have to be more careful. That was certainly good news to me, as I still have no formal in spite

of begging mother to buy me the one I wear in "Born to Sing." No soap. The memory of what I did to the other one lingers on.

I wore a black velvet skirt and jacket with a white blouse. My boy friend works late at a puppet-show, so I had a date with him for eleven at the party. Until then I was free. Mother drove me, and reminded me to leave at twelve thirty, then said, never mind, I'll phone. Which is the worst of being fourteen.

A few people were there already—Jimmy Lydon and Jane and June Lockhart and Freddie and Gene Reynolds—about twenty altogether, I guess, so we started right in jitterbugging and danced straight through till eleven. No entertainment, thank goodness. At parties like that, you don't want to stop and listen to somebody, you just want to have a good time. Tim had the doors open between the living room and the rumpus room, and one of those record machines that plays ten at a time, so we didn't even have to stop to change records. I danced a lot with Gene Reynolds because he came stag, as you would say, and it turned out practically perfect because he left for another party by the time my boy friend got there.

At eleven we had crackers with stuff on them, and olives and sandwiches and punch, and we all got paper hats and bags of confetti, and when we thought it must be ten or five of twelve, June and I turned the radio on, and the man said nineteen seconds to twelve. We jumped clear to the roof on account of almost missing it.

Then came 1942 and we yelled Happy New Year and threw confetti til *Auld Lang Syne* came over the radio. June was standing by it, so she started singing and we all chimed in. Then Tim said: "Let's drink a toast. Let's drink to the wish that by next New Year's we'll have won the war."

After that people's feet began getting

tired, so they took off their shoes and danced in their stocking feet, and mother phoned at twelve thirty on the dot, but I begged her to please let me stay an extra half hour, so she relented.

When I got home, I said how old does a girl have to be before she gets to stay to the end of a New Year's party? Mother said we'll see, so maybe that means fifteen.

They had a party for Mick on the "Andy Hardy" set today—ice cream and cake—and the crew gave him a lovely complete breakfast set with a toaster and waffle iron. He's going to marry Ava Gardner, we don't know exactly when, but suspect tomorrow. Mr. Stone and Miss Holden and all the *Hardys* were there. Mick said no speeches, because he might blubber, and wouldn't that look cute for an almost-married man. But he kissed Miss Holden and shook hands with everyone, only when it came to Mr. Stone, they looked at each other and Mr. Stone put his arm round Mick, and Mick sort of hugged up to him. I guess Mr. Stone's been like a father to him.

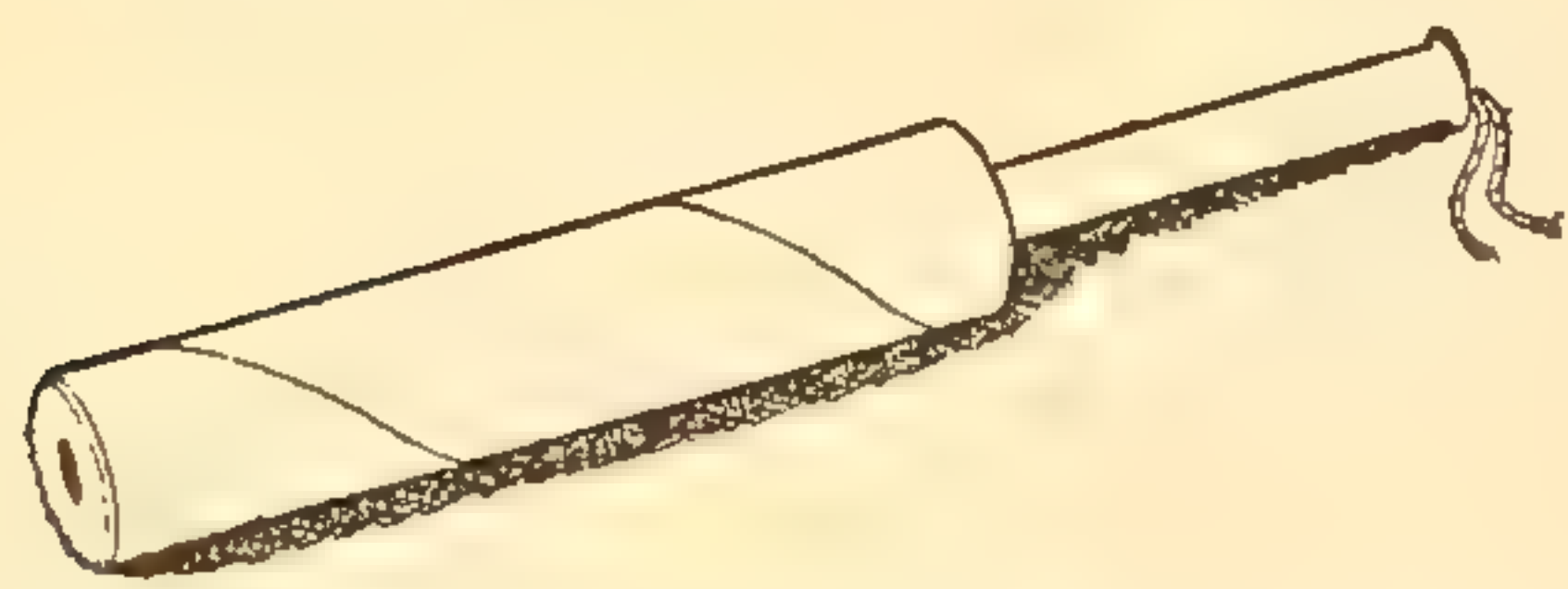
Goodness, all the showers he missed out on by not getting married while working on "Babes."

This morning I helped Jane with chuckwagon service. That's part of her Mascots job. Every Saturday the grownups leave coffee and doughnuts at different places for the soldiers, and Sunday morning Jane goes round and collects the empty thermos bottles. She also finds out how many soldiers have no place to go Sunday, then she calls her girl friends and they invite soldiers for Sunday dinner. We have two for today.

I figured out I could knit five rows of a sweater in the time I take to report an incident. So I'm giving up being a reporter for defense. No one'll ever read it anyhow!

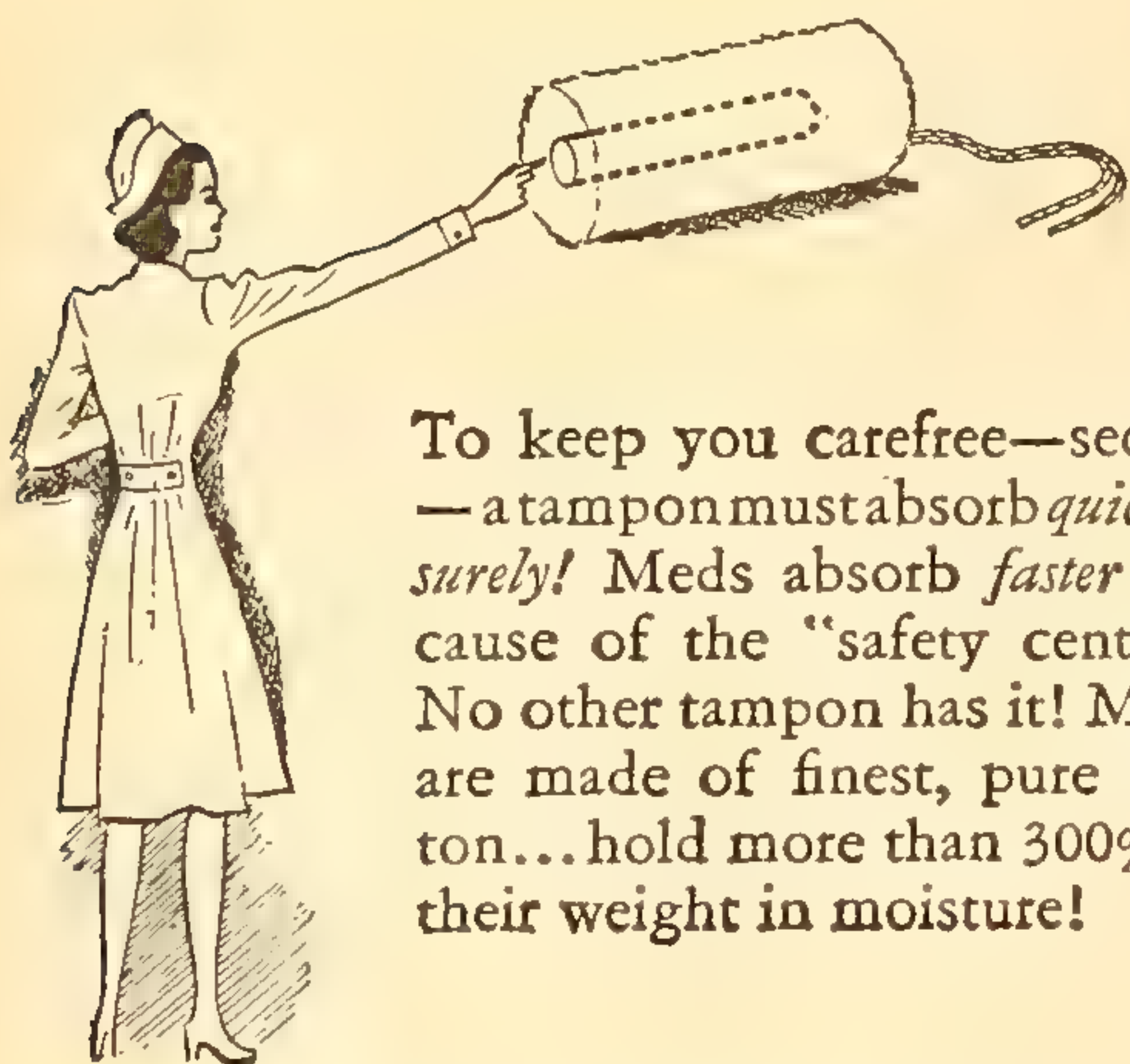
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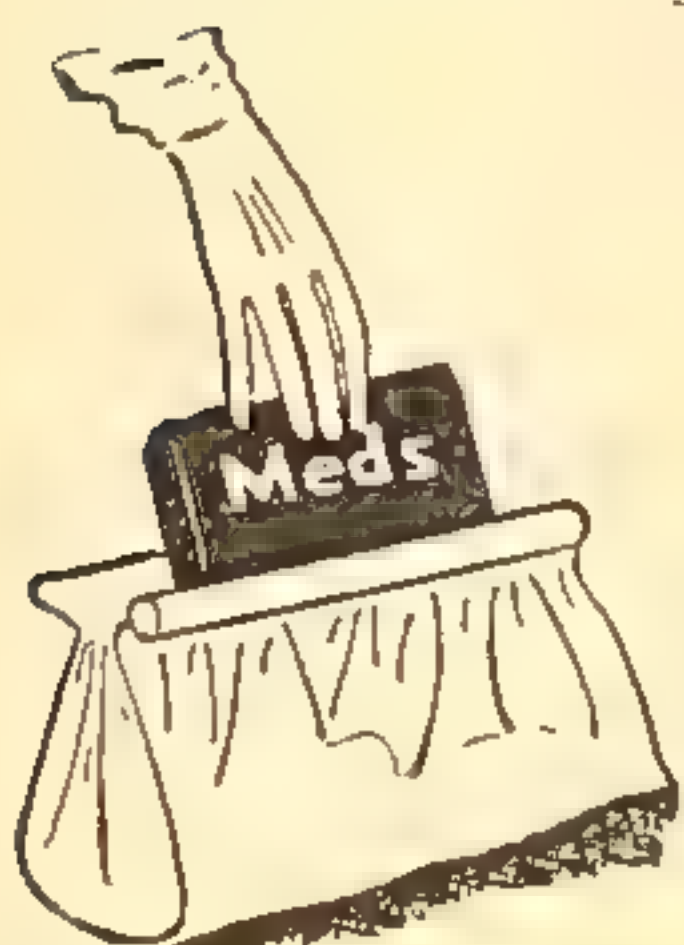


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Continued from page 22

they have all the time in the world (they KNOW they will live happily forever after) and partly for reasons of war-time economy. Because, before these words are printed, Bill may be in the Army, his movie money cancelled out and most of the maintenance of the home up to Brenda.

Dinner at the Holdens rather than dinner with the Holdens is right. They are still so much in love, so absorbed in one another that, courteous though they are, aware of a third person being present as (I am reasonably sure) they were, they have so much to say to each, things so urgent to be said, that they talk, whether they know it or not, mainly to each other. Even when remarks were addressed to me as, occasionally, they were, there was the feeling that what Bill said, he meant for Brenda, what Brenda said, she meant for Bill. It is very sweet.

And so as we sat at table and, later, over coffee and cigarettes in the den, I kept my note-book handy, jotted down the things they said as they said them. And the things they said will, I think, ring a bell in the heart of every young married, in-love couple who reads them. For they, too, say just such things, flame up easily, have their disagreements and their making-up when they are in love or when their marriages are very young.

BRENDA: The other night, Bill, when you and I were sitting here playing gin rummy—which is what we do almost every night, Gladys, or we play records or we read out loud to each other—anyway, know what I was thinking? I was thinking, Oh, it would be wonderful if we were married five years from now!

BILL: (gloomily) I'm not worried about the marriage. I am worried about the Army. And the only reason I am worried about the Army is that I am worried about you, Ardis, [Bill always calls Brenda Ardis, her baptismal name. He makes something tender and lovely out of the two lovely syllables] about leaving you alone with the new house on your hands, the baby [Brenda's little girl, aged four, by her previous marriage], the dog, [Brenda and Bill's lion dog, Rhodes] and your job to do. Too much for any one girl to handle alone—say, what did you mean, 'five years from now?' *Five* years? What's the matter with *fifty* years? What's the matter with 'forever after?' Look, what *did* you mean?

BRENDA: Now, honey, don't get going! You know perfectly well that if we have any screaming to do, we do it in the early morning while I am putting on my make-up and you are shaving. That's much the best time for husband and wife to argue and let off steam. The razor and the lipstick restrict us. Besides, I only meant that I am so happy, I am afraid of it. So I put little time limits on it, that's all. There *are* problems, and—

BILL: I don't see any more problems for us, other than those that arise from business, no worse problems here in Hollywood than couples in Oshkosh have to face, if you ask me.

BRENDA: Oh, but there *are* more here, and you know it. To begin with, two people in the same profession and in *this* profession, of all things!

BILL: What d'you mean? The Miss So-and-So comes along routine? The 'Temptations of Hollywood' stuff? Look, if you set a value on our relationship, as I do, if you use logic plus the value of the thing you have, you *know* that the Miss Fancy-Pants get you nowhere and,

what is more, they offer no temptation. Besides, plenty of people seem to be weathering the same problems as we have, and very successfully, too. How about Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond—?

BRENDA: (laughing)—Burns & Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, Fred Allen and Portland—

BILL: All right, all right! It *still* makes sense. And are we the village idiots that we can't do as well?

BRENDA: Of course not. It is just that the mental hazards in Hollywood are graver than they are anywhere else. People seem to hold the thought that your marriage won't succeed. They sort of put a hex on it. Someone said the other day that marriage in Hollywood is 'a seven-months baby.' They let you alone for just about seven months (it's been clocked) and then the rumors begin to circulate. Reporters call you in the middle of the night and say, 'Your husband out of town, eh? *Is he coming back?*' The columns ask little, suggestive questions: 'Is So-and-So cooling?' and all that. People seem to think you have to do something off-color, crude, risqué, unconventional, if you live in Hollywood and are in the movies. It is silly, but—

BILL: I'll say it's silly! I say we are no different from any other young couples with jobs. We come home from work. We eat like anyone else. We sleep like anyone else. On Sundays, we go up to the Gun Club or take in a show or something like that. We spend our evenings fixing up the house or playing gin rummy, like you said. Besides, we *know* each other. We were sensible and talked things over pretty thoroughly before we were married. Two years of talking things over, we had. Time proves itself pretty well. We went through all the business of off-again, on-again, of believing in each other and not quite believing. You had moments of being afraid that I would be just another Hollywood actor—

BRENDA: Well, you felt the same about me, Bill, you had the same fears. But it is true, we did not get married until we believed in each other. Completely. Until we knew that, whatever we do for a living and whatever the demands that work makes on us, we are really just a man and a girl in love, wanting a home, children, the good, normal everyday things.

BILL: We came to a pretty sound agreement too. We figured out that our studios might handle us differently. We went over all the things we might have to do for publicity, the trips we might have to make—alone. We said, remember, that there would be no arguments and no misunderstandings, that when we could do things together, go places together, we would. If not, we'd take it.

BRENDA:—And we decided not to talk about what we do in the studio all during the day, either, when we get home. Not at any length, I mean. We stick to that—well, pretty well. At least, we do try to subordinate our professional life to our home life. We try to be just plain Mr. and Mrs. William Holden at home here, not Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden, movie actors. And we never discuss love scenes. We NEVER discuss love scenes!

BILL: Not because of jealousy, of course, but—

BRENDA: Oh, I wouldn't say that. There is an element of jealousy, let's face it. You know very well that when you are out of town you practically eat up our income tax money making long distance phone calls. And it isn't my health you inquire about. You spend most of the time asking where I was half an



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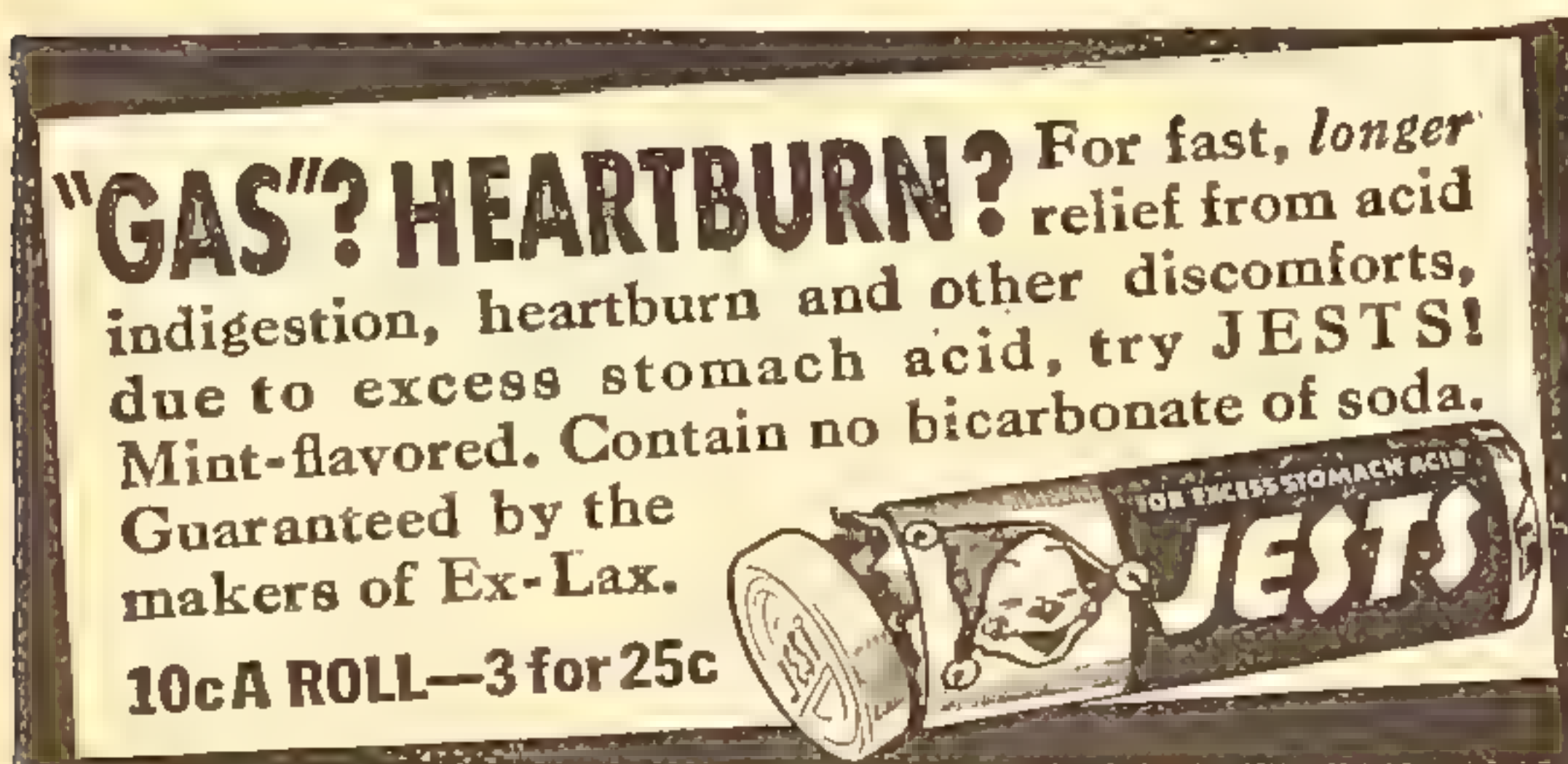
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hour ago, and with whom; what I did last evening and where and why. I'm just as bad. When you were working with Claire Trevor in 'Texas' and she told you she didn't see any reason why you shouldn't be a pretty hot screen lover, I didn't care for that too much! It seemed to me she would not have made such an observation unless you had given her some reason to think—

BILL: Come to that, how about when you played with John Garfield in 'East of The River?' Pretty warm love scenes, if my eyes didn't deceive me. I remember the time when you nearly died of embarrassment when you had to make a photographic sitting with Errol Flynn and there were some shots made with you in his arms. I couldn't help thinking, when I saw those love scenes with Garfield, that you had got over that early shyness quite a bit. *Quite a bit!* I think you are a fine actress, Ardis, as you know, but *I must say—*

BRENDA: Well, let's not talk about it. We have just said that we never do. It is not *actually* jealousy, of course, in spite of the fact that I have often heard you refer to some nice young man at Warners as 'that Flash Gordon, he's no good, he's a wolf' and so on. And I *suppose* you recall the evening when I *had* to have cocktails at the Blue Moon with a couple of members of the cast, and the director, and I kept phoning you that I would be leaving in 20 minutes and you finally came over and *got* me—but as I was saying, let's not talk about it. It just seems as if any mention of a love scene starts an argument. Just like this one. It is what makes us different from young married couples in Oshkosh, you see. They do not have love scenes to discuss over the dinner table.

BILL: Well, Ardis, *you* start a lot of the arguments, you know you do! It is your worst, perhaps your only fault, that you like to tease me. What makes me see the reddest red is, I admit, when you tease me about other women. Like when Dottie and I were making 'The Fleet's In' together, you gave me the Lamour routine. We'd work late, no fault of ours, she was just as anxious to keep her date as I was to get home to you. But when I got home, what did I get? 'Oh, you're not interested in a 6.30 dinner any more, are you?' you'd say, 'It has to be seven o'clock *now!*' That sort of thing. I cannot stand to be teased. It is a worse sin than punning.

BRENDA: Well, I'd say that *your* only fault is lack of consideration—sometimes. Only sometimes, I will admit. You are very thoughtful as a rule. But at the time when I expect you to be most considerate, those are the very times you are not. Like when I had intestinal flu. In the first place, you were late getting home. Here I was, in bed, in this new house, with new servants, with the baby, deathly ill. In the second place, when you did get here, if you didn't have some fellow with you! Then, later, you told me you had to drive him to Charley Foy's cafe, because he didn't have a car. You *could* have called a taxi for him, I *still* say that! But no, you had to drive him. You said you wouldn't be more than twenty minutes. One hour went by. No you. I watched the clock every minute. One hour and fifteen minutes, one hour and a half. Then I phoned Charley Foy's. They told me you had been there but had just left. When you did get back, nearly two hours later, I asked you if you had stopped anywhere. 'Nowhere,' you said. 'Nowhere at all.' 'Oh,' I said, 'so now you are not telling me the truth!' And I told you about calling Charley Foy's and how I knew you *had* stopped off there—

BILL:—And I had my back to you, was taking off my collar and tie, I remember, and was my face red! You had caught me

out. It is the truth that I never lie to you—being a woman you won't, I suppose, concede the point that I told you that one only to be considerate, so you wouldn't get worked up, ask a dozen questions about who I had seen, talked to, etcetera. I had had *one* drink, that's all. I had talked to the head-waiter, *that's* all. If there were any women in there, they were Invisible Women because I didn't see them. If—

BRENDA: (laughing) If Bill thinks I am suspecting his faithfulness! Anything that touches his integrity sets him off like a Fourth of July bomb rocket. Then there's the way he is about the house—

BILL: You mean the fifty-fifty arrangement we have now? Well, why should I be pleased or proud about that? Thing is, we bought the house before we were married, Gladys, as an investment, *on* a fifty-fifty basis. When we married, we decided to make it our home. We continued to keep it on a fifty-fifty basis. But *after* we get the initial investment paid for, which includes the furniture, swimming pool, planting and so on, then I take over and pay the bills. *All* of them—

BRENDA: It is so ridic—

BILL: Now *please*, Ardis, let me get this out of my system—this is my manhood and all! It is my chief concern in life at the moment. When I am asleep I hear myself muttering, 'Fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty'—there is something asserting itself in me. It is the protest of the male against allowing a woman, especially your wife, to pay for anything more than a bridge debt, if that. The very instant we get the ground-work laid and paid, Ardis steps out of the picture, financially.

BRENDA: Bill does more than his share now. He runs the house more than I do. He often orders the meals, he manages the servants, he is wonderful with the baby, he oversees everything.

BILL: I wouldn't say that, Ardis. That's pretty fifty-fifty, too. When you are working and I am not, I take over. When I am working and you are not, you are the little housewife. And very competent, too.

BRENDA: (thoughtfully) I sometimes wonder whether you would rather I'd be just that all the time, the little housewife?

BILL: You don't wonder anything of the sort. You have spent a lot more time and energy than I have, getting somewhere. I wouldn't have you stop for anything in the world and you know it.

BRENDA: You're right, I *do* know it! I'm sorry. You do push me, you are anxious for me to be ambitious. If you feel I am sloughing my work, you sort of jack me up again.

BILL: (winking at me) If you remember, what attracted me to you in the first place was that you are such a darn fine critic. Our first dates were mostly at the theater. We'd come home and have arguments, violent ones. Your background was the student's background, a student of the theater. Mine, nothing but what pictures gave me. Why, that's why I fell in love with you, you were so wonderful to talk to, exciting, stimulating—

BRENDA: Oh, so it was *mental!*

BILL: (laughing) What do you think? Anyway, one thing you and I have to be thankful for, Ardis, is that we never stay mad very long. Another cause for thankfulness, whether you know it or not, is that because we are in the same profession, we have a pretty good understanding of what it's all about. We may have some superficial explosions but they are *only* superficial. Besides, a great many Hollywood marriages fail, we are told, because when the husband or wife begins to out-distance the other, the roof blows off. That can never happen to us. For my part, if you start zooming ahead of me,

more power to you. It wouldn't bother me. I'd be proud of you. If luck, on the other hand, is with me, or my big break comes first, you'll feel the same, I'm sure. We are both terrifically anxious to do things in this business, get to the top. That's fine. But what is finer is that, basically, what we want the most is to be together, to be comfortable, have a family, a marriage founded on the good, old well-known rock.

BRENDA: Some day, not now, not until we know how things will turn out for Bill and the Army and all, but some day we want to have children. We'll want a bigger place, then, a real ranch—

BILL: Not that we're going 'back to the land.' We don't mean that. We just want a nice, little ranch, *with* all the modern improvements. Milking those cows before reporting on the set is not our dish. Churning that milk—well, I'd rather churn a Scotch and Soda!

BRENDA: (thoughtfully) I don't think we will be detoured, either. From the plan we have for our lives, I mean. We are not in the Social Swim here in Hollywood, for instance, and—

BILL: I should *hope* not! What is the Social Swim, anyway? Whatever it is, I want none of it. To me, it merely represents spending your money at night-clubs and kissing your neighbor's wife.

BRENDA: Bill and I haven't any close friends in Hollywood. We don't know *any* of the movie people well at all, except the Richard Carlsons. We do run in there every now and then, for a drink, or they come here. We never go to parties. We are not invited to any parties. We don't give parties because we have no one to invite. I suppose it's what's in your heart, what you do, the way you act. It's in our hearts to stay at home, together. We are happier this way or we wouldn't do it.

BILL: We have an objective. We have one business manager who budgets both of us. Our budget wouldn't permit of much high life. Not that we are extravagant, but—

BRENDA: I am extravagant, in streaks. When I get a streak, I go completely overboard—

BILL:—And down for the third time! Gladys, s'help me, she comes home with three pairs of Magnin shoes, [he shuddered] a suit, half a dozen hats. Once every three lunar months our manager and I sit here and steel ourselves against Brenda's binges!

BRENDA: (quickly) Well, you borrow my allowance to make down payments on things! Like your two new old guns and that Crossley! Honey, don't you like to see me all glamored up?

BILL: You are beautiful when you are, of course, but I think you are most beautiful when you wear nice, tailored gabardine dresses, tan or beige, preferably. Besides, when you are all done up it just reminds me of big bills and staying up late!

BRENDA: Now, me, I love to see *you* all dressed up. I feel as proud as the devil when I go out with you in a dress suit. I like *you* to be attractive to other people.

BILL: H'mmmmm!

BRENDA: Now, what do you mean by *that*?

BILL: (wide-eyed) Nothing. Just clearing my throat. Frog in it.

BRENDA: The point is, we are pretty old-fashioned, both of us. Especially Bill. Yes, you are, darling. You know very well that you disapprove if I talk what you call 'a little too freely.' If I ever let a cuss word slip out your face is just a mask of horror! But what I started to say is, we are old-fashioned because we live our private lives like private, unprofessional



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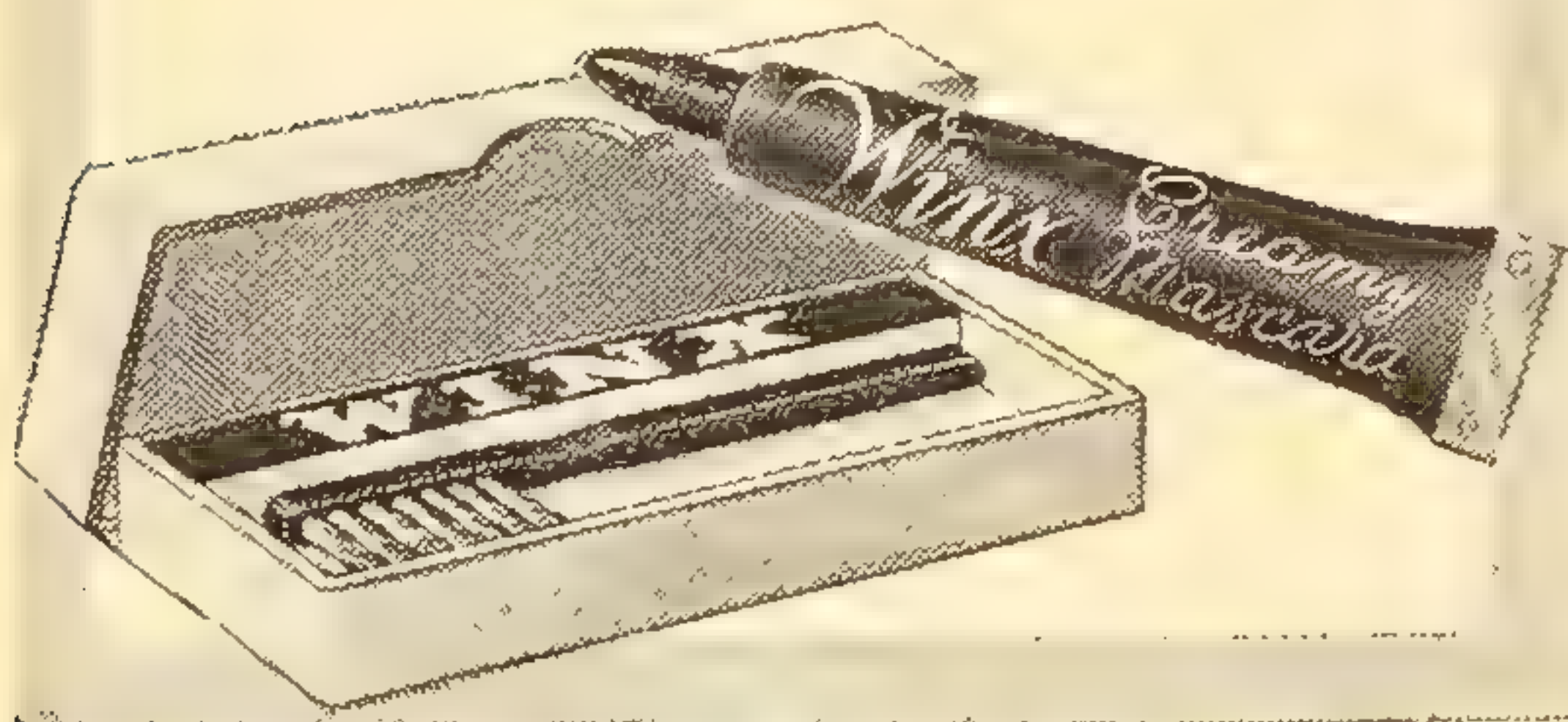
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people. If we have our tiffs, we have them in our dressing room, not in public so they can be hashed over by the columnists. When we have our gay times, we have them here at home, too, with each other for company. I never go out with another man and you never go out with another girl. I don't see how two people who are in love *can* say 'You go your way' and mean it. We don't mind the empty rooms in our house because we don't have to have everything overnight. We have all our lives together for

'everything.' We don't give a hoot about those mansions in Beverly Hills or Bel-Air. Ours is not a mushroom marriage so it doesn't have to be a mushroom growth.

BILL: Just what I have been trying to say, dear. When people are true to themselves, to their ideals, nothing is finer—and nothing firmer. Our ideal is to have a Golden Wedding Day which will be just as golden as our first wedding day. Against an ideal like this, *nothing* can prevail, can it? Can it, Ardis?

BRENDA: No, Bill, nothing can.

Cary's a Capra Man Now!

Continued from page 29

her company moved on to the next town, Cary felt so much better that he was able to rejoin his own troupe. He never saw Miss Adair again—though he never failed to read her "notices" with great enthusiasm. And when he read that she and Josephine Hull, who were the hits of the New York stage production of "Arsenic and Old Lace," would play the same sweet old ladies who liked to help lonely old men find peace by means of their elderberry wine—with just a pinch of cyanide in it—in the Capra version, Cary could hardly wait to pick up an old friendship where it had left off twenty years before.

The first day of production Miss Adair was introduced to Cary on the set. It was her first Hollywood picture, and everything was so strange, and she was a little flut-tery. She began telling Cary how proud she was to be in one of his pictures, and that she was one of his most ardent fans.

"Wait a minute," said Cary. "You don't remember me, do you?" And when Miss Adair looked even more vague than usual, he said, "Don't you remember a poor sick acrobat in Rochester in 1921?"

"Why yes, I do," Miss Adair beamed. "He was such a nice young boy, I recall. And so grateful for the little I could do for him."

"And he's still grateful, Miss Adair," said Cary, getting kind of woozy in his throat. "Let's have lunch."

I spent an entire afternoon out at Warner Brothers on the set of "Arsenic and Old Lace," and I agree with Cary that it can't help but be one of the funniest comedies ever to come out of Hollywood. Stage 9 was really a mad-house going full blast. The two plump little old darlings, Jean Adair and Josephine Hull, were worrying about the burial service for their latest victim. ("His name is Hoskins. That's about all I know about him—except that he's a Methodist.") Raymond Massey, who has played Abraham Lincoln so often that he is afraid to sit in a box at the theater, was all done up to look like horror man Boris Karloff. With the assistance of murderous little Peter Lorre—who was worrying about the "hot stiff" in the window seat—he was all set to murder Cary, bound and gagged, in what he charmingly referred to as "the hard way"—a slice here, a snip there, until Cary gives up his cinematic ghost.

But before they can murder Cary, John Alexander, who wanders through the picture under the pleasant misapprehension that he is Teddy Roosevelt ("We'd so much rather that he be Mr. Roosevelt than nobody") blows his bugle to summon his cabinet, the neighbors complain, and in walks Jack Carson, a cop who's a frustrated playwright. Also, in walks Priscilla Lane in quite a pet because her bridegroom Cary hasn't come home—and on their wedding night too! It's as batty as all get out. Even the sourpuss grips and juicers, who always stand around looking

bored, were bursting their seams in loud guffaws.

During the past few years I have visited Cary on all his pictures (I'm no fool) and between camera re-loadings and scene set-ups I have always found Cary cutting up a caper. I remember the day on the "Suspicion" set when I saw Joan Fontaine rush screaming out of her dressing room. Seems that a family of beetles had casually taken over her couch. The beetles, of course, were courtesy of Mr. Grant, were made of wire, and fresh from the Fun House of the Venice Amusement Pier. And there was the day I caught him shocking Irene Dunne—and Irene shocks very prettily too—by singing cockney songs, decidedly on the blue side, to her on the "His Favorite Wife" set. And I shall never forget the afternoon that a large luscious spider, also from the Fun House, settled on Katie Hepburn's nose just as she was going into a scene on the "Bringing Up Baby" set.

But when I inquired around as to what our naughty boy from Bristol was up to now I only received blank looks and disinterested shrugs. On the "Arsenic and Old Lace" set Cary, it seems, has become a very serious-minded young man. I couldn't stand that. I simply couldn't stand the idea of Cary becoming a serious-minded young man who's impressed with pictures, even a Capra picture. But Cary soon put my fears to rest. "Never in my long life before the cameras have I worked so hard," he told me between "takes." "I don't have any time for gags these days. Capra knows what he's doing and he keeps us busy every minute. Besides we don't need any laughs on this picture—we get them all right out of the script." And Cary's right. What chance has a beetle got in competition with those sweet old ladies and their elderberry wine—with just a pinch of cyanide!

Ever since "The Awful Truth"—when the Hollywood producers discovered to their surprise that Cary Grant was a perfect romantic comedian—Cary has been the most sought after leading man in town. Cary isn't the dreamy type, so naturally he is right up there in the big dough. But the dough doesn't stick to the Grant fingers. Every other picture he donates to relief. He won't see a penny of the \$100,000 he'll receive for "Arsenic and Old Lace." Fifty thousand of it he has given to American Relief, and fifty thousand he has given to British Relief, with the provision that everything be bought in the United States.

Cary lives in a beach house he rents from Norma Talmadge on the de luxe Santa Monica Strip. His favorite exercise is swimming in the Pacific Ocean, which comes almost up to his front door. Although he used to be quite a gay young man about town during his early years in Hollywood, he is now rarely seen at any of the glamorous night spots. And on the few occasions that he does go dancing at the Mocambo or at Ciro's he

is always with Barbara Hutton—a fact which causes the Glamor Girls of the movie colony, who have had an eye on Mr. Grant for some time, to gnash their molars in anguish. He likes to read—everything. He likes to play the piano at home for his own amusement. When he is playing for his own amusement it is usually a Jerome Kern song, Jerome Kern being his favorite composer. But when he is playing for the amusement of his guests he plays, and sings, cockney songs, which he picked up long ago when he was performing in English villages with Ben Pender's acrobatic troupe. He is a magazine straightener and an ashtray emptier.

Cary has a passionate hate for red fox furs on women. Always a very pleasant and polite young man red fox does something terrible to him. His other pet hates, as far as the gals are concerned, are red nails, flowerpot hats, and baby talk. Baby talk definitely brings out the *Mr. Hyde* in him. He is very British when it comes to food. He likes kippers and roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and he cherishes fond memories of tripe and onions, but never seems to be able to get it in this country. His sense of humor is sensational.

Cary's forgetfulness has long been famous. He frequently forgets to notify his cook that he has invited dinner guests, and having completely forgotten all about them himself he arrives home late from the studio to find his living room full of hungry people—and only two lamb chops in the house. He forgets where he put his watch, and he forgets where he put his script. He has a white terrier named Archie, and of Archie he has to say, "Archie and I are a pair of screwballs. Archie forgets where he leaves his bones. And I forget where I leave everything."

Many are the amusing stories which concern Cary's forgetfulness, but the best one occurred on a vacation trip to England several years ago. Cary is a friendly soul who likes to mingle, and before the boat was three days out from New York everybody on board was kidding him about his forgetfulness. So at the costume ball on the last night out, Cary decided to come as the absent-minded professor. "I'll be immaculately dressed," he said to himself, "in white tie and tails. Only I'll forget the white tie." Well, when Cary arrived in the ship's salon that night there couldn't have been more excitement if Jonah and the whale had suddenly entered hand-in-hand. Mr. Grant was immaculately attired. He even had on his white tie. But—he had forgotten his pants!

The biggest scare Cary has had in a long time occurred recently when he acted as best man at the wedding of his good friends Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson. The wedding took place at the little Danish church in Solvang, California, and Cary and Freddie, nervous as waltzing mice, were in a little room, off the altar, awaiting their cue. Cary heard the wedding march start, grabbed Freddie, and to his horror found that the door had been locked. Fortunately, Myrna Loy, sitting nearby, saw the knob wiggling, and released the perspiring Cary and Freddie just in time to keep Rosalind from being deserted at the altar. Which incident reminded Cary of another time he got locked in. He was appearing in a Shubert show in New York, and during the Indian number Cary would have to retire to his tepee on the stage while the chorus girls did their dance routine—at the finale of which he was supposed to burst forth from his tepee and join the leading lady in a song. While he sat in his tepee night after night Cary entertained himself by tickling the chorus girls as they pranced by. But one night the girls plotted revenge. As they danced past Mr. Grant's tepee they pinned the



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flaps together with a couple of good strong safety pins. Came time for Cary to burst forth in song, and he couldn't get out. The audience had hysterics, and the manager gave Cary a number one bawling out.

Cary is one of the few Hollywood actors who has never let success go to his head. He's the same today as he was when he arrived in Hollywood in a second hand broken down car. "Now how can I get conceited," he said to me. "Every time

I begin to think maybe I'm good somebody always comes along and slaps me down. For instance, yesterday on the set there was a young girl visitor who stared at me all afternoon. Ah, I thought, a devoted fan. When I left the set with Peter Lorre she hurried up to me and I was certain she was going to ask for an autograph and that Peter would razz the daylights out of me. But what do you think she said? She said, 'Mr. Grant, did you really walk on stilts?'"

What Hollywood Women Are Doing for National Defense

Continued from page 34

Bogart skippering his boat on Coast Patrol duty. George Brent turning his yacht over for government use. With war in Hollywood's front yard, the film colony is not restricting activities to entertainment and money drives. Glamor girls are taking their places side by side with the men.

Ida Lupino, for example, actually born under fire during an air raid in London in the last war, can change a tire, overhaul a car and drive a truck along with the best of them. Second lieutenant on the staff of National Defense and Public Relations, Ida signed up for active service over a year ago.

Between "shots" on "Moontide," the picture she is making at 20th Century-Fox, Ida and I were sitting in a car parked outside the set on the back lot.

"Our organization, made up entirely of women, works under Captain Brown in Colonel Colbert's and Commander Bell's Ambulance and Defense Corps of America," explained Ida. "I am specializing in the Ambulance Corps. First on the job during air raids, invasions and blackouts, we are known as the Suicide Squad. There is a driver, a first aid, and from two to

three assistants on each ambulance. Each girl, in an emergency, must be able to 'take over' the other's post. So each girl must know how to drive, change a tire and repair engine trouble, as well as render first aid during complete darkness in a blackout. *Feeling out* the injury on a prostrate body and knowing how to treat the fracture, hemorrhage, concussion or whatever is found, may sound pretty complicated. But it can be done. It is being done in England. My father, Stanley Lupino, who is an airraid warden in London, dashes from his 'Victory Show' during blackouts to do it. By the way, his musical, 'Lady Behave,' has already had a successful run of eight months," Ida added proudly.

"Our organization, founded by Colonel Colbert and Commander Bell, by funds from their own pocket, is a branch of the Red Cross. Like the Red Cross, it is maintained by donations. Although we are proud of our three ambulances and fifteen station wagons and are the only unit in Hollywood to boast an iron lung, we are in urgent need of more station wagons. With the seat backs turned down and a

cot slipped over them, station wagons become super-ambulances.

"I am making a plea for fifteen additional wagons. We do not ask for an outright gift. All we want is the owner's guarantee that the wagon will be left in his garage 'on call' from sundown to sunup. We promise to telephone before picking it up. There is no expense to the owner. We supply our own gasoline. We also guarantee to return the wagon in perfect condition. To insure this we give it a complete check-up twice a week, gratis.

"Hollywood is functioning as one great unit," smiled Ida. "Everyone in the industry gives a hand to the other fellow. The Lux Air Show just made a swell gesture. When they heard I was donating my broadcast check to our Ambulance Corps, they doubled my fee. And when Jack and Harry Warner found out our unit had no place to house our equipment, they turned over two large stages on Sunset Blvd., for the duration. In case of air raids and blackouts, these quarters will be used to care for evacuees and to treat casualties. In fact, it will serve as a hospital base.

"Each studio is cooperating in every possible way. Warners turned over their Automobile Service Garage for Army use. Studio cars stand by while Uncle Sam's equipment is taken care of. The other day 20th Century-Fox loaned its staff of scenic painters to camouflage defense guns.

"Like all soldiers, we never go on duty unless in uniform," continued the little lieutenant. "In uniform we are not allowed to drink liquor. Not even in our own homes. On my way to duty the other night, I dropped in on a farewell cocktail party, given for a British friend. Everyone, it seemed, was saying 'Have a drink, Ida.' Later I learned there were plain clothes men mingling with the guests. Court martial would have been the penalty

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had I taken as much as a sip of cocktail. "One night each week, Myrna Loy, Mary Martin, Claudette Colbert and other actresses, including myself, receive orders from our respective post headquarters to report for canteen service in the district of nightly blackouts. The hot drinks and sandwiches served from our canteens is the only food available to the soldiers on these dark, cold shifts.

"Please do not get the idea that picture people are the only women doing this work," said Ida. "Our women come from every walk of life. Shop girls, waitresses, housewives, office workers, usually all weary after a full day's work, standing side by side with social leaders—and we all wash dishes, make sandwiches and coffee, all night long.

"Army service has taught me to take orders without question," continued Ida. "Something I used to refuse to do! When headquarters orders me to report for duty, seldom do I know what it will be. It's fortunate that I don't. Last night I would have been scared to death, had I known what was coming.

"My husband and I had just sat down to dinner when a telephone call ordered me to report at once to Pershing Square. As you know, Pershing Square is a small park located in the center of the Los Angeles business district. Recruiting stations, defense bond booths, and canteens dot the lawn. Soldiers off duty congregate there by the hundreds. Upon arrival I was pushed up on a platform. 'Make them buy bonds!' whispered the officer in charge.

"Funny thing," smiled Ida. "People seem to think that an actor can make a speech at the drop of a hat. Here is one who cannot! I was petrified. Someone shouted, 'Ida, where is your tongue?' When the crowd started to laugh, I thought I would faint. Their laughter seemed to break something inside of me. I commenced to tell funny stories. Soon the crowd was in fine fettle. Not only did they buy bonds, but several new recruits joined the Army."

It is in Pershing Square that Jackie Cooper and his band put on their popular thirty-minute show every Saturday afternoon. With Freddie Bartholomew, who acts as Master of Ceremonies, these lads select their own talent and rehearse them. Jane Withers, Bonita Granville, Virginia Weidler, Jackie Searle are among those who have done their bit.

Maureen O'Hara donated a piano to the boys of the 58th Quartermasters Regiment at Camp Haan, California, for their day room at the camp. She felt they should have more entertainment because they are confined to camp more than usual now. The boys, who have designated her as "Honorary First Sergeant," rode in to Hollywood in an Army truck to pick up the piano and, after the loading ceremonies, were Maureen's guests at a studio luncheon and a trip around the sets. Edward Arnold is one of the many actors devoting long hours to war work behind the scenes. As president of the Screen Actors' Guild, member of the board of directors of the American Federation of Radio Artists, as well as serving on the board of the Hollywood Victory Committee, tremendous responsibilities rest on his broad shoulders.

"We feel that entertainment is one of the vital needs of the soldier," said Mr. Arnold. "Good spirits and happiness keep up morale.

"Hollywood supplies a large percentage of entertainment sent to Army camps. Booking stars is a job in itself. To control our talent, keep it from becoming bottlenecked or playing in the same show twice, we organized the Victory Committee.

"This week, eight units from Camp Shows, Inc., of New York, started on a tour of Army camps. Each unit, composed

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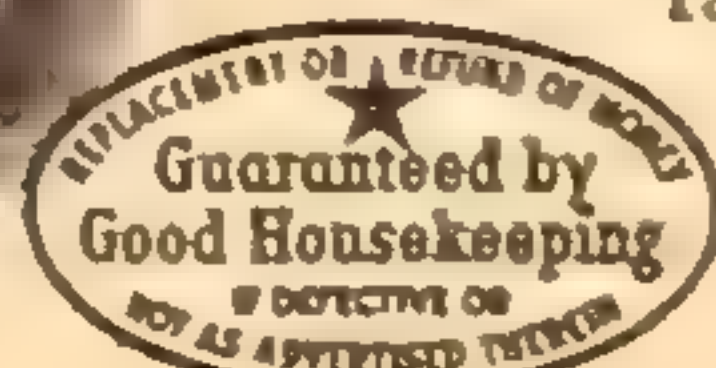
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of from twelve to sixteen girls, who do singing and dancing acts, along with several actors, is augmented by stellar attractions drawn from the theater, radio, and motion picture colony. The Victory Committee provides headliners for these shows.

"We found it necessary to organize boards able to take care of emergencies arising in the theaters or halls where these shows are put on. If a unit runs into a snag such as lack of costumes or adequate lighting, the proper board provides it.

"The Victory Committee also works with Washington in choosing celebrities best suited to promote the sale of defense bonds. Carole Lombard, God bless her, who sold over a million and a half dollars worth of bonds on her last day on earth, belonged to this organization.

"Dorothy Lamour has just finished an unprecedented tour, on which she paid all her own expenses. In the New York Ghetto, alone, her sales of defense stamps in the missions and settlement houses was tremendous.

"It took Hollywood to promote entertainment for isolated Army camps. Laurel and Hardy, John Garfield, Ray Bolger and Chico Marx were sensational on their recent Caribbean tour. Jock Whitney, chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation, representing Hollywood, is working with us on South American tours that will soon be on the way. I think it would be a good plan to send a star a month to England. Such excursions act like warm handclaps. They establish deep, unforgettable ties of friendship and unity."

Although Mr. Arnold said nothing about his own personal appearances to aid war defense, all Hollywood appreciates his readiness to go wherever and whenever needed. Last week, on an hour's notice, the Rotarians flew him to Denver for a luncheon speech that went out over a national broadcast. The night of the afternoon he talked to me he was scheduled for a talk in Sacramento, while the following day he was due for a dinner speech in Chicago.

Victor McLaglen, RKO star, has the unique distinction of turning over to the government two hundred fully equipped, highly trained light horse troops, a trained motorcycle corps of forty-five men and one hundred expert horsewomen known as the Women's Auxiliary Troop. Starting with a nucleus of eighteen men, eight years ago, Colonel McLaglen's Light Horse Troops had grown to two hundred when war was declared. Equipped and trained by their colonel, this unit is a valuable addition to Uncle Sam's Army. The large tract of land bordering Griffith Park Vic bought for drill grounds, with its stadium, football field and race-track, has also been turned over for government use.

Since Pearl Harbor, the Hollywood glamor girls have shown what stuff they are made of. Service to their country has become the important issue. Army and Navy uniforms, flat-heeled shoes and little make-up, has become Hollywood's smartest ensemble. Gay night life in the film capital no longer flourishes. Most of Hollywood's night-clubs—Ciro's was the last to close its doors—are dark. Picture celebrities are attending first aid classes, assisting in canteens, and doing night warden duty instead of dancing and drinking champagne.

Carole Landis, looking smartly military in her Bundles for Bluejackets uniform, had no time to eat lunch during our interview in the 20th Century-Fox commissary. She was too busy getting pledges for a year's ten-dollar-a-month contribution for her unit. From her tour of tables during luncheon, Carole secured signatures of Charles Boyer, Vic Mature, Laird Cregar, Maureen O'Hara and Dana Andrews.

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explained Carole. "We need so many things for our recreation centers. Radios, phonographs, lights, chairs. It will take all the money we can raise.

"Tomorrow I am spending all day at an airport taking fingerprints of private pilots. The call just came in from the Aero Nurses Corporation of America. That is another unit of which I am a member.

"I wish I had more time for the radio course I am taking. Transmitting and receiving radio messages is absorbing work. We are learning all sorts of special things. In an emergency, our unit, made up of women, can 'take over' an airplane factory."

When complimented on her smart uniform Carole stood up laughing. "You wouldn't call this belt, set two inches above my waistline, exactly smart! My skirt is about two inches too long to be chic. In the service you soon learn to take what you get and like it.

"It's fun to watch new recruits fitted for uniforms. 'These sleeves are too short! This skirt is too large!' Cluck! Cluck! How they do go on!

"When Commander Loretta Schimnoler appears she soon sets them straight. 'These garments are not intended to be form-fitting,' she says smiling broadly. 'They are uniforms, not sports clothes. The skirt is cut long enough to cover knees when you are seated. Arm-holes are loose to permit easy movement.' Once on duty, we soon learn to appreciate our uniforms.

"I must not be late at headquarters," said Carole, jumping up. "We have just moved in on the floor donated by the Alexandria Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. We feel fortunate to get so central a location. It saves tear and wear on the members, as well as on their automobiles and tires."

With nightly blackout duty shifts, watches, and listening posts on cold mountain tops and foggy coast lines, Southern California soldiers need great numbers of sweaters. Claudette Colbert, who organized a knitting corps for the British War Relief, has added two hundred knitters to her group to make sweaters for our boys. Lola Lane, who has been appointed Los Angeles Area Knitting Chairman for the Army and Navy, is distributing sufficient yarn each day to knit one hundred sweaters.

Money contributions from Hollywood continue to pour into Washington. Eddie Robinson gave his entire earnings of one hundred thousand dollars from his latest picture to the U.S.O. Bette Davis has twice donated the proceeds of her radio broadcast to the Red Cross.

Each star helps in his or her own particular way. Joan Bennett, who wears the uniform of the American Women's Voluntary Service, donated a pint of blood to the Red Cross. Madeleine Carroll has opened her Palos Verdes home to the soldiers of the State Guard, stationed on the beach nearby. Phyllis Brooks, with her 'Parties Unlimited'—a group of screen stars who dance and sing—makes long treks to Army camps. Edgar Bergen and 'Charlie' have organized their own unit to make a tour of the camps. Glenn Ford, appointed first assistant to the mayor of Santa Monica, gives hours of his time to defense work in his home town. Melvyn Douglas, for years an active worker for the Administration, was busy with speeches and defense bond sales until his recent appointment as head of Arts Council by Dean James M. Landis, O. C. D. executive.

Ida Lupino voiced the plea of all Hollywood when she said to me, "Please do not feature me as a screen celebrity in war aid. I am a soldier serving my country. Being a good soldier is the greatest thing I can do."



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Here's

Hollywood

By Weston East



A target range tapster! Ann Miller of the twinkling toes sets a new record—840 taps to the minute—in "True to the Navy," when she steps up her tap dancing to match the firing pace of a machine gun.

A FRIENDSHIP worth watching is that of Peter Lorre and Kaaren Verne. They met for the first time on the set of "All Through the Night." Peter is still married, though he hasn't lived with his wife for nearly seven years. Kaaren has a young son by a first marriage. He is still in England but she hopes to bring him here when it is safe to cross the Atlantic. Ever since she came over from Europe, Kaaren has been quite lonely in Hollywood. Peter has been more or less a recluse himself. When their personal problems are settled, their legal difficulties ironed out, perhaps happiness together will be their reward.

TO SEE George Montgomery in a room with Hedy Lamarr, is to know that the man from Montana has *really* fallen. They sit in corners together completely oblivious of everyone else around them. George strokes Hedy's hair, squeezes her hand affectionately, and hangs on every word she says. (And he says practically nothing.) But even romance doesn't interfere with the early hours George keeps, when he's making a picture. Hedy took him to a party at her good friend Ann Sothorn's house recently. Promptly at nine-thirty George announced that he had to go home!

Between scenes of "Out of the Frying Pan," Eddie Bracken, below, does some impersonations for Susan Hayward and finds her a good audience, while Director Edward H. Griffith looks on. Lower, Fred MacMurray and Rosalind Russell in "Take a Letter, Darling," hilarious comedy in which Fred plays the secretary—not Roz, as you might suspect. *She's the boss.*



BETTE DAVIS can create news without trying. Recently Bette left to vacation on Sugar Hill in New Hampshire. Not wanting to be bothered with beauty parlors during the two months she'd be away, Bette took scissors and whacked off her hair. Hair stylists all over the country promptly copied her. Right after she made her hair short, Bette was called back to the studio for one day's retakes. You should have seen them struggling to tack on long hair, to match the shots in the picture! The production department almost tore out their hair while they waited.

IT'S a good thing Dolores Costello has a sense of humor. Between shots Orson Welles tries to amuse her by giving out with impersonations of ex-hubby, John Barrymore! Orson, by the way, is nutty on the subject of magic. He practises card tricks on the crew. When he returns from his picture-making trip to South America, he hopes to find a suitable story in which he can play a magician.

LOU COSTELLO may be a ba-a-ad boy in the movies. But he's an awfully go-o-od boy when it comes to selling defense bonds. Every day a different Hollywood star makes an appearance at the Defense House, in downtown Los Angeles. Lou offered to take the first ten bond buyers home for dinner. His partner, Bud Abbott, volunteered to take the next ten out to Universal studios for lunch. The boys were almost killed in the rush!

THERE'S something about the name of Susan that Phil Terry just can't resist. At one time he was engaged to pretty little Susan Peters. Now it's Susan Hayward who's getting the big rush. It's very amusing how they met. Phil and the red-headed Hayward are both under contract to Paramount. They passed each other every day on the lot but never spoke. Then Phil was called over to RKO to make a test. So was Susan. They started right in making movie love to each other. It's been going on ever since.



Globe photo

From this picture of Tommy Dorsey and Lana Turner, left, we gather that those romance rumors can't be all wrong. Below, Betty Field and Ray Milland as "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat," new film of that name. Watch for our fictionization of this domestic comedy.



EVER since the Lombard tragedy Hollywood producers are begging their stars not to fly unless absolutely necessary. Tyrone Power was straining at the leash to get back to Chicago and see his wife, Annabella, open in the Noel Coward play, "Blithe Spirit." He had to promise to take the train.

JUDY GARLAND'S recent trip to New York was the most exciting thing in her life. She wrote back to Hollywood friends, saying how wonderful it was to travel with a husband instead of a chaperone! We think she's got something there. Especially when said husband is that nice guy, Dave Rose.

THAT was *some* vacation Louis Hayward had. His contract with RKO called for his services starting and ending on specified dates. Something went wrong and the script wasn't ready. Louis got paid off anyway. So he set out by car to see America. The balance of the money he turned over to the Red Cross.

WHEN the Ray Millands invited Ann Sothorn to Sun Valley, she immediately ordered some smart ski clothes from designer Bernie Newman. When Ray heard about it, he dashed over to Ann's house. "Now, Ann," he pleaded. "You don't want to look like a movie star. Why don't you wear practical clothes? Then you can

really rough it and have fun." Now you know why Ann and Ray were seen shopping together in Sears-Roebuck. *He* picked out most of her things!

WHAT'S this about a feud between Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine? Not *again!* Olivia isn't supposed to have known anything about it. But the story goes that one day when she called up to see how sister Joan was feeling, she was informed that Mrs. Aherne wouldn't come to the phone. With what is going on in the world today, it struck Olivia so funny she's been laughing ever since. It's probably well over by now.

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FREE BOOKLET

Growing Pains of Joan Leslie

Continued from page 27

I do that myself. The last star I tried to copy was Ingrid Bergman—the way she walks, for instance. I practiced her walk in front of my mirror for *hours*! And her absolute naturalness—I tried to copy that because unnaturalness is one of the problems of Sixteen. I tried to sort of absorb the something-quiet about her, the way you know what she's feeling because you can *see* her thinking it. Garbo does the same thing, too—not any unnecessary movements. I don't think there's any harm in that, taking things that help you as an actress and as a person, from older women—after all, when I did impersonations in vaudeville I did that, and more—I just tried to take over a whole personality at a time.

"It's only when you begin to act *not* your age that it's silly. I know it's a temptation. I've succumbed to it myself. Like when I had a spell of dashing around at breakneck-speed, running, always running, like I was very important, giving people the 'Hulloa how ARE you?' routine, talking very brightly (I thought) telling very fast stories—know who cured me of that? *Mr. Cooper*."

"It was like this: we were in the art gallery at the studio one day having some pictures made. And I was all over the place at once. Well, he just sat there, very passively, watching me flutter about, and after awhile, still very quietly, he said, 'I can see you are working very hard right now—*what for?*'"

"Well, I couldn't be honest—that's one of the pains of Sixteen, we almost *never* dare to be honest—and say, 'to make an impression.' But I did say it to myself and I added his 'what for?' And there wasn't any answer to that except how silly I was being."

"He helped me to outgrow *that* pain, Mr. Cooper did. Now when I'm with Bette Davis or Jimmy Cagney or some older star and I say something dumb or do something dumb, I don't try to cover up. I just say, 'Oh, now that's stupid of me, I won't do that again!' It's much more comfortable. So, thanks to Mr. Cooper, I never flutter or run around anymore."

"Of course, one of the most painful g.p.'s of all is trying to act natural and unsilly with men. Gosh, you really do have to train yourself **NOT** to put on acts with men! Every girl wants like anything to make an impression on a man, especially on a man she admires. If I do say so, I think my g.p.'s in that particular way have been more acute than for most other girls, because most girls, when they get crushes on movie stars or any kind of celebrities, usually never get to meet them. And goodness knows, they don't get to playing *love scenes* with them, even on the screen!"

"If any girl of my age is reading this, now, and says she has a crush on Tyrone Power or Errol Flynn or anyone, just let me ask her to stop and think how *she* would feel if, suddenly, she was called upon to play a love scene with her crush! Boy, I bet the mere idea gives her goose pimples!"

"Take me—when my sisters and I were working in vaudeville, oh, years ago, three or four, I had a terrific crush on Mr. Cooper, also one on Eddie Albert and one on Don Ameche. But the *most* terrific was on Mr. C. Why, I remember when we were playing in Orange, New Jersey, I think it was, 'The Plainsman' was playing there. I used to dash out and watch it between shows. I got it all figured out so I could see it all through twice a day. I'd

catch the end of it between the afternoon shows, get in at the beginning between the evening shows.

"Well, you don't suppose I ever thought I'd meet him, do you? I didn't even wish I could be playing his leading lady, it would have seemed such a silly, fantastic thing to be wishing. So, when it happened, when I was cast in 'Sergeant York' to play the girl he marries, I found it awful hard to behave naturally. It's all very fine for a girl to feel embarrassed with a man she has a crush on, but I repeat that when that man is Gary Cooper, it's almost too much!

"I tried to duck meeting him for as long as I could, even after the picture started. I'd sort of hide around on the sets and watch him. Then one day, Mr. Hawks, our director, said to me, 'Oh, come on, now, Joan, I want you to meet Gary Cooper.' I just thought, well, here it is! And before I knew it, we were introduced. I said, 'How do you do' and sounded like I had a dozen apples in my throat. Mr. Cooper gave me a great big handshake, like this—" and Joan clasped both her hands over mine, warmly and strongly, "like you ought to shake hands," she said, "but almost no one does, any more. Then I managed to say, 'I've been looking forward to meeting you for a long time' and I felt my face getting red as paint and I hate it to because my hair is so red and the two reds don't match—and then he said 'Oh, thank you' and sort of kept his head ducked down. He is so completely NOT the Great Mr. Cooper.

"And that taught me something else," Joan said, earnestly, "that helped me outgrow a pain, too—it taught me that the greater a person is, the simpler he is, the more childlike and shy. So that now I believe I could behave naturally with anybody because I know we'd just be two shy people, not one.

"But then there came the first love scene I had to do with Mr. Cooper—when he was going away to war, in 'Sergeant York,' you know, and I say, 'I just hate to see you go, Alvin' and put my arms about him and kiss him—oh, I don't know how I had the NERVE! I felt like running out of the studio and keeping on running—all girls feel shy about their first lover, I guess, about how they will behave when they have their first kiss—well, you may imagine, I hope, how I felt about having my first love scene with Gary Cooper, of all people!

"Even now," Joan said, laughing at herself, "after all the time we were together on that picture, I don't think I could ever call Mr. Cooper, Gary! I used to get around that by always calling him 'Alvin.' And he'd always say 'Good morning, Miss Gracie.' We sort of kept in character all through the making of the picture. That was a great help to me. It made me forget I was just one of the Brodel Kiddies (that's what my sisters and I used to be billed in vaudeville) doing scenes with one of Hollywood's very greatest stars. It made me forget me. If all of us girls of sixteen could just forget me for ten seconds, our pains would be more painless.

"I should have outgrown being self-conscious long ago, having been on the stage since I was three. But somehow, come the ages of fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, you just get that way, no matter what your training has been. It's particularly hard for me, for any girl in pictures, because we're constantly required to meet people, very important people, like Mayors and Governors and all—and what to say to them is one of the problems. I used to be so dumb. I'd just say 'Oh!' and 'Really!' and 'How nice!' And that was all. Then I'm afraid I got a regular routine. When visitors came on the set, the routine went like this: 'Are you visiting the sets?' (they should have answered 'We're not visiting Mars,

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sister!') and they'd say, 'why, yes, we are—isn't it thrilling? Don't you find it thrilling?' and I'd say, 'Oh, yes, I do!' And by that time someone usually rescued them—and me.

"Well, *that's* a pain I'm growing out of. That tongue-tied thing when intelligent people are around. I'm curing myself by reading as much as I can. Like when I have to read scripts and references are made to stories or operas, or to historical events, I get books of summaries and read up on them. So that I can think of something adult and intelligent to talk about when people visit. It's a great help.

"Then, there's the problem of dates for us Sixteen-Year-Olders. As I said, I don't smoke and I don't drink and, for that matter, I don't have dates. I have only had two so far. That's all. I don't miss not having dates, you can't miss what you haven't had. But the two I have had makes me feel sympathetic with other girls of my age who probably have to go through what I did—like the first date I had, I went to a dance at Loyola College with a boy. And if Daddy didn't drive me there and then he waited for *hours* until the dance was over and drove me home again. It embarrassed the boy to death. Me, too. I just had to keep telling myself, 'Well, it won't always be like this!'

"I really have a more complicated problem, about dates, than girls who are not in the movies. It is just as well for me that I don't care about having them because—who would I have dates *with*? The men I work with in pictures, like Humphrey Bogart and Mr. Cooper and Henry Fonda, are either married or so much older than me that they have a hard time even *making believe* they are making love to me. The only other boys I meet are the brothers of my sister Betty's beaux or the brothers of the girls I went to school with at Immaculate Heart. And they'd get teased some-

thing terrible if they took me out. They've *said* so, it's come back to me.

"It's a funny thing—I bet you think that being a movie star makes a girl awfully popular with boys, makes boys want to take you out a lot. But it doesn't. If they're young boys, it embarrasses them, like I said. Like the other date I had, when I went to a dance at a class reunion of the 8th Grade, the boy I went with stumbled over my name when he introduced me, something fierce. 'Meet Miss Bro-el, Miss Les-er-' he said, all in a lather. He half didn't want the others to realize I was Joan Leslie and he half *did*—that's one of our pains, you see, we're *halfway* people, neither children nor grown-ups. And if they're older men, it would embarrass them, too, in a different way. Or bore them.

"Another Growing Pain is, I think, the fear that we won't be popular, that if we go to a dance we'll be wall-flowers, that the stag line won't cut in on us often and all that. We're afraid of the older girls, the more sophisticated girls, the ones who are the belles of the ball—well, imagine living in Hollywood where you'd have to compete with the Linda Darnells, Lana Turners, Sheila Ryans, Carole Landis, girls like *that*—enough to give anyone growing pains all *over*!

"And when I go to parties with girls I knew before I was in pictures, I have to be awful careful. I want to look good because if I didn't look as good as I did *before* I went in the movies, they'd think it hadn't done anything for me. And if I looked *too* good, they'd say I was trying to show off. I have to be very careful of what I say, too. If I should happen to mention my dressing room or make some unfortunate remark about people waiting on me, like bringing me a chair on the set, they'd think I was being a movie star all over the place!

"So I just keep pretty much to myself,

have a few boys and girls over to the house to play ping-pong or badminton now and then and let it go at that—for the time being.

"I don't give much thought to falling in love, either, I really don't. I'm not either afraid of it or anxious for it. If I have any fear about it, it's a fear of losing it, afraid that all the qualities I want wouldn't be there. That's kind of silly, though, because I really don't know what the qualities I want really *are*. Except I'm sure I couldn't stand it if 'he' were too good-looking. I know I'd want 'him' to be more *real* looking than good-looking. And I think I'd like to have 'him' be an actor because then we'd have the same tastes, the same interests. But to be honest, I'm not thinking much about 'him.' I've got an awful lot of work to do before 'he' comes along. 'He' can wait."

I said, breaking in, practically by main force—no one can say that young Miss Leslie lacks an active brain or an articulate tongue. "You don't have to worry about what you're going to do or be, Joan—you are spared *that* g.p."

But she said: "In a way, I'm spared that one, of course, but in another way—I often lie in bed at nights and think how different things will be if I am a huge success in motion pictures—it frightens me a little. I think of what we've got now, Mom and Daddy and Betty and Mary and I—and how I want to keep it, have it stay the same, and how success sort of moves in on you and changes things around; and then I immediately clear that fear out. I don't think I need to worry for quite a while yet. And then I think of NOT being a success, of how people all say 'Hulloa, how are you?' to me now, and really seem to mean it—and I think of the stories I've heard of the people who don't stay with you after you're *not* a success, and it all sort of worries me, makes me think this is one

way where being *halfway* is best, makes me think I don't want anything to change from the way it is right now, where we have so many things we didn't have before we came to Hollywood, but don't have so much that it really changes us any—so that although I can get, now, what I want in clothes, I still have the fun of having to shop around, picking them out, still get a kick out of getting a new suit at a wholesaler, for one-third the price I'd have to pay in department stores, still haven't had any big splurge, except for my car, still go to the dime store and get little things so I can change things around at home, like I get some kind of Happy Birthday paper table-cloths for the dining room and paper favors, whether it's anyone's birthday or not, just to sort of brighten it up in there.

"Well, it all comes down to what I said at first, I think," Joan told me, "that I like being Sixteen and acting Sixteen. I don't want to be older, I like being halfway, pains and all. I'll outgrow being young soon enough and fast enough—*too* soon and *too* fast—I wish other girls would write and tell me how *they* feel about it!"



Dorothy Lamour, as she appeared during her national tour, selling Defense Bonds and Stamps in every large city of the country.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

Sift together, flour, baking powder, corn-meal and salt. Now beat flour mixture into the egg and milk; add melted Crisco and beat again. Bake on hot waffle iron.

"For those who can't eat waffles, I have muffins, some plain, and some orange and strawberry," Ruth informed me. "They are, I'm told, very simple to make."

ORANGE MARMALADE MUFFINS (Makes 12)

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 cup milk
- ½ cup Spry, melted
- Orange marmalade

Sift dry ingredients together. Combine egg, milk and melted Spry. Turn liquids into dry ingredients and stir vigorously until all flour is dampened. Put a tablespoon of batter into each cup of muffin

Good Morning!

(OR ISN'T IT?)



EVER wake up in the morning wondering how the day is going to turn out? Whether new triumphs will come your way?

Take last Friday . . . it was *your* day from dawn to dreams. You breezed through First Aid class like a Florence Nightingale. And at the U. S. O. dance, you and Tom, at the piano, were the center of the circle.

But *today* something tells you to crawl back under the covers, quick! It happened last month and the one before. And now, with *everything* happening . . . you *would* be the one to beat a retreat!

What gets you is why should "difficult days" cause *you* worries when other girls sail along without a care in the world!

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pan greased with Spry. Place a teaspoon of marmalade in the center of each and cover with remaining batter.

Try them with strawberry jam, too. "My enthusiasm rises as I talk about my coming party," said the young actress, laughing, "and I've decided to add gingerbread to the menu—hot gingerbread served with a good hard sauce. If anyone survives the waffles and sausage, he will surely fall for the gingerbread."

GINGERBREAD

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon (Burnett's)
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1/3 cup Crisco
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup Duff's Molasses
- 1/2 cup sweet milk

Cream Crisco and sugar. Add molasses and well-beaten eggs. Then sift in flour, soda, baking powder and seasonings, and stir in, alternating with milk. Pour into greased bread pan or muffin pan.

Turn oven heat regulator to 350° F. (moderate oven). Bake 30 minutes if in bread pan, 20 minutes in muffin pan.

HARD SAUCE

- Butter
- Confectioner's sugar
- Vanilla flavoring

To make one cup of hard sauce put 4 level tablespoons of solid butter in a bowl and stir until it becomes of creamy consistency. Then sift sugar into the butter a tablespoonful at a time, and stir until each addition of sugar has combined with butter. Continue to add sugar until mixture is of solid consistency. During last addition, add 6 to 8 drops of Burnett's vanilla.

Know what a rabbit race is? You race live bunnies. Ruth will have about half a dozen little white rabbits, numbered harmlessly with water colors, on hand in her closed-in garden. Their hutch will be at the foot of the garden, their food box on the green-tiled patio, all will be released at once and the one reaching the food box first will be champion. Guests will be given candy Easter eggs to "bet" on the winner.

The egg hunt at Ruth's party will be for colored eggs, and the hunting-ground will be both inside and outside the house. Heaven help the hunters outdoors, for Ruth's California farmhouse is set in a wide lawn of ivy, where eggs of any color can be secreted almost indefinitely.

The hat race is a competition engaged in sitting down. Ruth will supply quantities of items out of which guests will be asked to create Easter bonnets—the first one finished gets a prize, but the finest prize goes to the prettiest hat. The hostess has about decided to make this latter prize a bottle of perfume set in a pot of Easter lilies.

"I shall have lots of flowers, feathers, bright pins, ribbons and fabrics on hand, but I'll also have things for surrealists like tin funnels, vegetables, wire, scissors and sponges there, too, so those who please can follow that urge," she explained, with that droll look of hers I wish I could imitate.

The art competition will result in favors for the party. Each guest will receive an undecorated, hardboiled egg, a box of water colors and a paint brush. Numbers will be chosen, two of each, and the man and girl whose numbers correspond will be required to make portraits of one another, and duly present them. You take home your own portrait. Perhaps the best will get a prize.

Ruth's kitchen is the last word in shining modernity; she keeps her passion for antiques for the rest of the house. Up to

now, her chief success has been in her living room, which is most charming. There's an Oriental rug in soft jewel tones, each piece of furniture repeating one of the colors—a Delft blue in the graciously curved old-fashioned sofa, delicate yellow-cream in an old-time rocker, pale rose in a grandfather chair.

She found the rocker on a set for a picture she made at Columbia Studios. It was just an old rocker then, but she liked the curve of the back and the satiny quality of the wood. "We moved heaven and earth to buy it; but it seemed that Columbia didn't own it, just rented it from an outfit that made a living that way. Then one day up to my house drove a truck containing my rocker, a surprise from John Stahl, director of the picture! Was I thrilled?"

After that event, you can imagine that Ruth kept a sharp eye on the furniture used in her latest film "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," but there was nothing that fitted into the special period of her house.

The well-known picture, *Lady at the Opera*, occupies a prominent place on the living room wall. Ruth has two reasons for her fondness for this; it belonged to a very dear friend, and it looks enough like her to be her sister.

Handpainted cups and saucers, picked up triumphantly in an odd little shop, stand on either side of the piano. Argument rages in the Hussey household as to whether or not some of her other acquisitions are worth the chase, but these cups are an agreed bargain.

"Just because a thing has a corner knocked off doesn't make it valuable, my secretary tells me," observed the young actress, with the glint of a smile in her eyes, "but I contend that I don't like things that haven't been lived with, and had a history. She says that if her own grandfather had hacked a piece out of a table she could treasure that table—not unless!—but to me it doesn't matter who hacked, if it's a really old piece."

Ruth is so crazy about beauty that her housekeeper says: "All you need to satisfy Miss Hussey is a rosebud on her breakfast tray and some pretty dishes to contain the food. If it's pretty enough, you can get away with anything. She won't know what she's eating."

"I know what I'm eating when it's apple sauce cake," objected Ruth. "That's my idea of ideal food."

APPLE SAUCE SHORTCAKE

- 1 1/4 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons Calumet baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon Cow Brand baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/4 teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 3 tablespoons Crisco
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup

Sift flour, then measure, add baking powder, soda and spices and sift again. Cream Crisco, add sugar gradually and cream well. Then add the beaten egg. Add flour mixture alternately with the soup. Pour into a well-buttered 9 inch square baking pan and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 to 40 minutes.

Cut into squares, split and use apple sauce for filling.

Serve Foamy Sauce over the top.

FOAMY SAUCE

- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1 egg, separated
- 3/4 cup whipping cream
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice

Beat the egg white until stiff, then add the sugar gradually. Stir in the egg yolk. Fold in the whipped cream and add the lemon juice.

"I Will Be Lovely!"

Continued from page 16

have a public because the women, the girls, and even the children of our country have overnight, so to speak, been put into positions of responsibility. We are assuming all kinds of responsibilities and jobs that we would have laughed at a year ago. The public is expecting of us a good performance. We are constantly confronted with the word, "morale." That means spirit! Well, if we suffer from an inferiority complex because of a poor, adolescent complexion, or because of forty pounds overweight, or any of the extreme good looks problems, then spirit can certainly not be what it ought to be. We certainly cannot feel like licking the world if we cannot lick small failures in ourselves. And if there is any tonic in this old world for verve and pep, it is self-confidence; the knowledge that we do present an attractive face and figure to the world. And I believe that everyone can do this. So—no matter what your problem, say to yourself, "I, too, will be lovely." Practically every star has confessed that somewhere in her 'teens she felt rather miserable about herself. Anita Louise felt she was too tall. Glamorous—and that adjective is not exaggerated—Norma Shearer had flaws in figure as well as face, believe it or not. Alice Faye blossomed like a rose with some good direction in the way of personal appearance. And so it goes. The last time I saw Joan Leslie, she was getting helpful advice about her nails, which were not all she wanted them to be.

Great blessings for many of us are at

hand. The lipstick! No colorless, vaguely defined lips any more. Color and life and romantic appeal lie in that precious stick. And with a little care, any girl can improve the shape of her lips, and without gross exaggeration, either. With clean, sparkling teeth, a lively lipstick, you have an appealing smile. And the right smile is more precious than a classically beautiful but "dead pan" any day. By the way, isn't it time for a new lipstick number or two for April?

Then, there is the permanent wave. This has revolutionized the heads of the world. Once, you were born with curls or else. . . . Today, the permanent comes within reach of every pocketbook. And such improvements, too! There are the right preparations, methods, pre- and post-care for any type of hair. You can, today, get what you both want and need—not just a permanent, but one for *you*. And there are wonderful shampoos for home use, lotions that make the reset of your permanent child's play, and have styles ever been nicer? The halo of feather curls, by the way, is something for schoolgirl, business-girl, girl in a service cap and homebody. It is very easy to care for, has a youthful ebullience and is smart.

And a special prayer of thankfulness for eye make-up—to be used gently, by the very blonde, those with indefinite color and size of eye, and by the glamor queens, of course, for an added swish. The right touch of mascara can often remake a face. Most of the stars I know use a little, but use it very well, for all occasions. For the very blonde, whose long invisible lashes take on a new loveliness when the lash tips are lightly touched with a brown mascara. Brown seems better on the light-lashed for daytime. Black or dark blue does the trick by night. The eyebrow pencil can enhance a brow greatly by offering a degree or two in depth of tone, black

or brown, and by lightly tapering the outer ends. Then shadow used correctly for evening does wonderful things in the way of shaping eyes, accenting color and expression.

Nail lacquer has been a great boon to graceful hands. Strange, how when our fingers are gleaming with jewel tones we use our hands more carefully, with lighter, easier movements, how much more capable—and caressing, too—those hands can be. Please, Mr. Government, see that we get bright nail lacquer for the duration! It will help make us better soldiers.

Do a little figuring on your figure! Wear bright, gay colors. Give a thought to your posture at once—slumped shoulders over desks, that midriff slump, which produced a spare tire, but not the kind we need, quicker than anything else, that hopeless droop of your head. Bad posture habits, as often as overweight, cause poor figures. In many cities, salons are giving quick, complete courses in body betterment, designed primarily from the war angle, to teach you to lift, to move, to carry, to reach, with ease and without harm by straining usually unused muscles. Incidentally, these courses are wonderful figure beautifiers, and I have always believed that class or organized exercises do more for us than when we take them alone. The trick is competition! It's a great lure to achievement, and a group is always good fun, too.

Now that it's April, please analyze yourself critically. Pick out your own flaws. And get to work on them. Work, while there's time. And I'll help you if I can with suggestions. Say to yourself, "I *will* be lovely!" And you can be lovely. By your good looks, your good health and good spirits, you can give and give today and in this giving there is no hurt. You'll love it and everybody will love you! Ask the stars. They really know!

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"The Mystery of Marie Roget"

Continued from page 25

my dear child," Beauvais said softly. Madame Roget sat up sharply at his words and now Dupin saw the way her hands plucked at the afghan covering her knees. "Stop beating about the bush!" she demanded. "What have you found?"

It was almost as if she had expected the news they told her, expected it and accepted it too. There was no sign of grief in her mobile face. Only the girl showed emotion.

"No, no!" she protested, making no move to check the tears streaming down her cheeks. "It can't be true! She was so gay and alive!"

Then suddenly the tears stopped and her eyes filled with incredulous hope as they stared at the girl coming into the room, the vividly beautiful girl with the laughing brown eyes and the mocking smile playing around her sensuous mouth.

"Hello, everyone," she called lightly. Then, as if amused at their astonishment, "What's the matter? You look as if I were a ghost."

Madame Roget was the first to recover from the shock of seeing the girl they had thought dead walk so unconcernedly into the room.

"Marie!" she said sharply. "Where in heaven's name have you been?"

The girl didn't answer as Camille, almost incoherent in her joy, ran across the room and held her in a tight, convulsive embrace.

"I knew it, Marie!" she whispered breathlessly. "I knew it! You're not dead."

"Of course not." Marie smiled indulgently. "Whatever gave you that notion, you silly little dumpling?"

"The police here found your body in the river," her grandmother said dryly.

"How distressing!" Marie's gay laughter filled the room, making it come alive with her own vividness. "Don't you think the police ought to return my body to me? I can still use it, you know."

"It doesn't matter." Camille hugged her again. "We've got you back. That's what counts."

"No, that isn't all." Beauvais shook his head severely. "See here, Marie, you owe us an explanation. You've had all Paris in a turmoil."

"You mean, I owe *you* an explanation." She laughed and there was no mistaking the meaning underlying her words when the man flushed unhappily. "I'm sorry if I've caused anyone concern," she went on lightly. "It's really nobody's business where I go or what I do. Tomorrow I go back to work at the Comedie-Francaise as usual."

"My dear Ma'amselle." Gobelin looked at her impatiently. "You don't seem to understand. My department requires a full report."

"You're good at these things, Henri." Marie smiled disarmingly at Beauvais as she walked to the door. "You can handle the police." And her eyes held his as she touched her finger-tips to her lips and blew him a kiss.

Even Gobelin, always so volatile and excitable, was silent as he and Dupin left the Roget house. But his cane made sharp staccato noises as he tapped it restlessly and before they'd rounded the next corner he had to speak.

"It's the most curious crime I've ever come across," he said. "A woman without a face. I have a hunch there's a definite connection between the Roget case and that body. It's too fantastic to mention, I suppose, but you said an animal's claws could have mutilated her face. And there's

that old Madame Roget. She's a queer duck, eccentric, possibly a bit twisted. She's got scads of money and yet she lives like a church mouse in that crowded old-fashioned house in the Latin Quarter. She's got a pet cat, a nearly full-grown leopard. I can't quite puzzle it out."

"Forget it, Gobelin." Dupin turned to hail a passing hansom cab. "It's a blind alley." But even as he said it he wondered. She was an enigma, that old woman. He made up his mind to see her again.

Back in the old house in the Latin Quarter Madame Roget chuckled as her old fingers ruffled the back of the leopard's head. Then suddenly she tensed as she heard voices coming from the living room across the hall. Those foolish children, never bothering to lower their voices when she was around, thinking with the sublime insolence of the young that the old must also be deaf.

"It's all settled, then?" a young man's voice asked, and Madame Roget straightened as she heard it. For the man talking, young Marcel Vigneaux, had never been a favorite of hers and she had never quite forgiven Beauvais for introducing his young subordinate to her home.

"I want Marie to be the first to know," Camille said, and there was a new rush of happiness in her voice.

"Do we have to tell Marie?" Marcel sounded troubled and then at Camille's startled exclamation he went on hurriedly. "I was thinking it would be so much more exciting if we just eloped and didn't tell anyone. Just surprise them all."

"But I must let Marie know," the girl said softly. "I've never kept any secrets from her."

"She doesn't tell you everything," Marcel persisted. "I mean about her going off like that for ten days."

"That's the first time she hasn't," Camille agreed reluctantly. Then she laughed. "For that matter, you haven't told me where you've been for nearly two weeks yourself."

"Oh." Marcel hesitated. Then he went on with new confidence. "That's because of my work at the Ministry of Naval Affairs. They send me all over the globe at a moment's notice. That's what it's going to be like, Camille, when you're married to an attache in the diplomatic corps."

So that's how it was. Camille and Marcel were in love and she had never guessed it. Madame Roget shook her head forbodingly as she realized how wrong she had been in thinking it was Marie the young man was interested in. Then she tensed as she heard another voice, Marie's voice, gaily calling a greeting as she opened the door to the living room.

"Marcel, my pet." There was her throaty little laugh, her bright charm, her magnetism to make her voice the more irresistible. "I love you."

"Then he's going to break your heart, dear." Camille laughed, so used to her sister's exaggerations that she couldn't take this one seriously. "He has something to tell you. We're going to be married."

"Married!" There was only that one word, but even Camille must hear how stark it sounded with all that warm laughter gone.

"Why, yes." The younger girl sounded hesitant. "You expected it, didn't you?"

There was a pause before Marie spoke. But superb actress that she was, she had managed to regain her self-control, to sound almost delighted. "Yes, of course." Her voice came quickly, reassuringly. "And

CAST "THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET"

A Universal picture. Original screenplay by Michel Jacoby, from the Edgar Allan Poe story. Associate Producer, Paul Malvern. Director, Phil Rosen.

Dr. Paul Dupin Patric Knowles
Marie Roget Maria Montez
Camille Roget Nell O'Day
Mme. Roget Maria Ouspenskaya
M. Beauvais John Litel
Inspector Gobel Lloyd Corrigan
Marcel Vigneaux Eddie Norris

I wish you all the happiness in the world. Oh, I forgot my fur piece and my bag. I must have left them in the bedroom. Will you get them for me, Camille?"

Madame Roget grasped the arms of her chair, leaning forward as she heard the girl's light footsteps running up the stairs. She had to hear what those others were saying.

"So you're going to marry her!" Marie's voice came venomously now that she was no longer making the effort of being casual or unconcerned or gay. "You don't love her, and you know you don't."

"Take it easy, Marie," Marcel cautioned. "Someone might overhear you!"

"I don't care who hears," Marie's voice rose shrilly. "In fact, I'm going to tell them everything! You hear! *Everything!* I don't care what happens to me. I'll let them know it was you I went away with and that you promised to marry me. That . . ."

The man's voice struck across hers like a whip lash.

"Are you going to let petty jealousy wreck our plans?" he demanded. "I don't intend to marry her. It's merely to cover us. No one could possibly suspect me, her fiance, when she disappears tomorrow night. Can't you see?"

"I should have known." Relief brought all of the lost allure back to Marie's voice. "You're so clever, Marcel, and I'm so stupid. You do love me? Only me?"

"Nothing can change my love for you." The man's voice came vibrant and low as he took her in his arms. "If you'll only trust me."

"Then we'll carry our plan through at the de Lucs' party," Marie whispered. "And once Camille's gone, we'll have everything."

Old Madame Roget sat rigid, her heart hammering so loud she was certain those two in the other room must hear it. Then with an effort she forced herself to rise and go over to the desk in the corner of the room and even before she wrote the note she addressed the envelope to Dr. Dupin in her bold, almost masculine handwriting.

It was of the girl found in the river Dr. Dupin was thinking as he and Gobel presented themselves at Madame Roget's house the next morning. At last there was a clue, an important one, for his laboratory tests had proven beyond doubt that the victim of the fiendish murder was young, English, and that she had not been in France longer than twenty-four hours when she was killed. Being a chemist he had put one of his favorite theories into practice, for Dupin felt that human beings were what they ate and the chemical analysis had revealed that the victim's last meal was so typically English that it would have been impossible for her to have eaten it in any restaurant

"I was a Part-Time Wife"

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or hotel or even private home in Paris. He had practically decided the Roget mystery was only a coincidence and not connected with the murder at all when Madame's note had arrived urging him to come to her at once.

Her small, bright eyes flashed with impatience as she looked from Dupin to Gobelin. "I made it very clear, Dr. Dupin," she said coldly, "that I wanted to see you alone."

"Then you'll have to excuse us." Dupin bowed. "I'm afraid we'll have to be going."

"Wait a minute." Her voice came sharply, imperiously. "Don't go. I want you to escort my granddaughter, Camille, to the party Madame de-Luc is giving for Marie tonight. You see, I happen to know that she's going to be murdered tonight." The old voice sounded strangely calm. "I want you to prevent it!"

"Are you sure you know what you're saying?" Gobelin demanded incredulously.

"Of course I'm sure, you fool," Madame Roget said acidly. "And I don't want any police notoriety about it, do you hear?"

"Why did you select me?" Dupin asked quietly.

"For your work on the murders of the Rue Morgue." She smiled for the first time. "My memory is even sharper than my ears."

"What makes you think Camille is to be murdered?" Gobelin looked like a pouter pigeon puffing himself up so importantly.

"Again let me remind you this is no affair of yours," Madame said testily.

"In that event I'm afraid I can't do as you ask," Dupin said quietly.

She looked amused at that. "You're not fooling me," she chuckled. "You want to know why Camille is to be murdered. She comes into her grandfather's fortune tomorrow. It's better than a million and a half francs. Now do you see?"

"Who'll benefit by her death?" Gobelin demanded.

Madame Roget looked at him in scornful amusement. "Don't ask me fool questions!" she said scathingly.

"I don't believe a word of it." Gobelin pursed his lips pompously. "If Camille's to be murdered at the de Lucs' party, I should imagine you wouldn't permit her to go at all."

"Who cares what you believe?" The old lady's voice was openly hostile as she turned away from him. "Perhaps you know, Dr. Dupin, why Camille must go to that party."

"Of course." Dupin nodded. "There's no telling when another attempt might be made. Tonight's the logical time to catch the one who tries it."

"I knew you were clever." Madame Roget's eyes twinkled. Then they softened as she saw Camille coming into the room. She was so different from her sister, so fresh and unspoiled and artless. And in his heart the young Doctor knew that any case in which she was concerned could never be just a matter of routine for him. She was like that spring he had seen once in Brittany, so soft and tender, with her hair brushed up in that little coronet of curls, with her eyes the blue of a morning sky and her cheeks the color of the apple blossoms he remembered so well, etched against that same Breton heaven. And she was so young, as young as spring itself.

"It will be a pleasure indeed," he assured her grandmother, looking at him so questioningly.

The party had already begun when they arrived the next evening. Lights gleamed from all the windows and great colored lanterns were strung on the trees bordering the great lawn that swept down to

For the Love of Pete

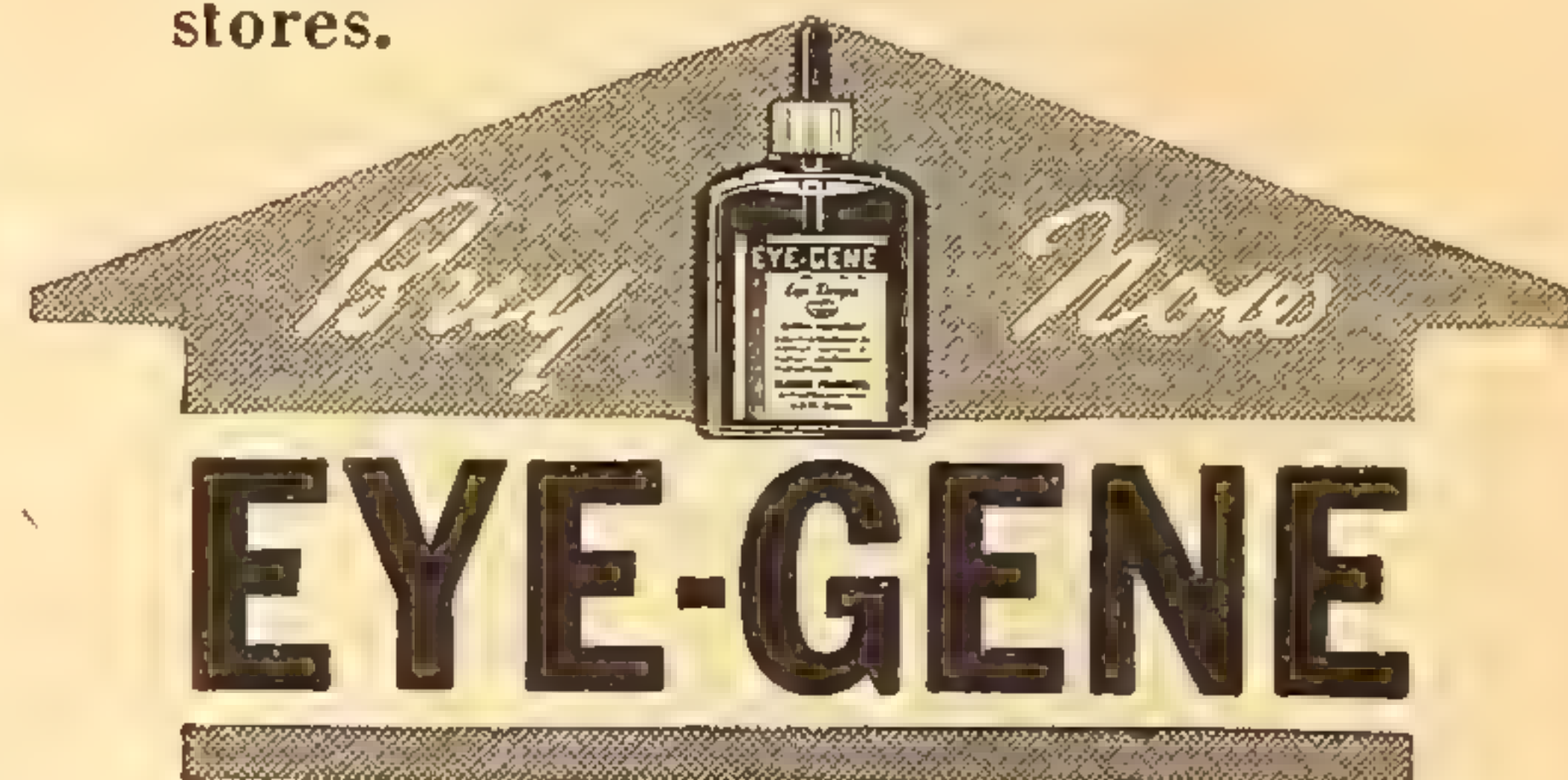


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the banks of the Seine. Camille's eyes shone as she heard the dance music and Dupin's heart contracted as he looked down on her. Only a fiend could want to harm this lovely, defenseless child.

Strange that in all this gaiety, this brilliance, that dark thing waited. Everything took on new meaning remembering that, the whispered words he overheard as Marie and Beauvais walked in the garden and the way the man's smile twisted so desperately as he told her of his love and how the girl laughed after he had walked away, as if his torment meant nothing to her and then how her eyes softened when she saw Marcel coming toward her. But it wasn't of love they spoke there together in the garden.

"We can't go through with it," Marcel whispered, though to see him bending so solicitously over the girl, no one would have guessed the portent of his words. "It's altogether too dangerous with that Dupin around. Your grandmother is responsible for him being here. Camille told me he's supposed to be a sort of body-guard. Somehow the old lady's got wind of our plans, I'm sure."

"Impossible," Marie protested. "She couldn't have found out. We'll never have a better opportunity. We'll have to go through with it in spite of them."

"Yes." The man looked excited as he threw down his cigarette and ground it under his heel. "Maybe the police being here is just what we need. It'll happen right under their noses. You're very clever, Marie."

It seemed like a nightmare, a fantastic, brilliant nightmare. Everything was so gay as Dupin danced with Camille, as he looked past the other dancers to see Marie in Marcel's arms, no longer urgent, demanding, but laughing as she glanced up at him. Even afterwards when she sang for them, sang as only Marie could sing, the feeling of nightmare lingered and twisted into the laughter and gaiety. And it was the nightmare which was real. For the evening ended in tragedy and in the morning a diver brought another body up from the Seine and this one too had no face!

Only it wasn't Camille who had screamed in the darkness the night before. It was Marie, and it was her jewelled evening bag they had found in the garden and near it lay the dainty handkerchief embroidered with her sister's name, placing Camille there at the scene of the crime.

Marie Roget had disappeared again. Was it her body Dupin was kneeling over now? He couldn't wait to have it taken to his laboratory, to delve into this new mystery, but even as he was examining it a naval officer and a squad of marines came with orders from Beauvais that the body was to be delivered to them. There was nothing Dupin could do but comply since as Minister of Naval Affairs all harbors and rivers in France were under his jurisdiction.

It was a twisting, shadow-filled street, the Rue Morgue, shunned even in the daytime and always deserted at night. There at the end of it stood the dread building of the dead itself, the green light on its door shedding its macabre glow into the street. The man holding a small bag under his long cloak, his muffler concealing his face, looked as mysterious as the street itself, as he held himself close to the walls, moving furtively as if he dared not be seen.

Slowly, cautiously, he forced his way into the building and moved between the rows of marble slabs, the bodies lying on them concealed by the white sheets which covered them. He lifted the coverings one after the other until at last he reached the body he was looking for. He must have made a noise, for at that

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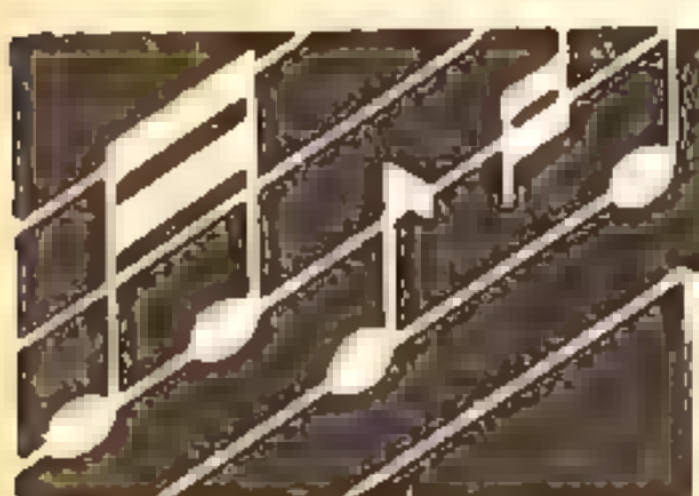
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moment the watchman came to the open door holding his lantern high as he scrutinized the room. But only the dead seemed to be lying there, sleeping under their white shrouds. It wasn't until the door closed again that one of the figures moved, that a hand slowly raised the sheet and threw it aside and the man leaped down from the slab on which he had been hiding and opening his bag took out a gleaming knife and bent over the corpse on the slab beside him.

Gobelin was unable to suppress his excitement when he came to Dupin's laboratory the next morning and asked the doctor to analyze the small particles of dried matter he brought him.

"Wait," he said dramatically as Dupin finished the tests. "Let me tell you this time. It's human blood." And then as the doctor nodded he went on triumphantly. "That's the solution to the mystery of Marie Roget! The Curator at the Paris Zoo received a gift this morning from Madame Roget, delivered in person by Henri Beauvais . . . a half-grown leopard! Those crusts you just analyzed were scraped from its claws."

"Very interesting," Dupin said, his eyes mocking the pseudo gravity of his voice.

"But can't you see?" Gobelin demanded exasperatedly. "She has no further use for it. She used it to kill Marie. You said it was the work of an animal."

"I merely said it *could* have been," Dupin corrected him. "However, I'm sure this was a human animal."

"Oh." A flicker of doubt clouded Gobelin's eyes. "Are you sure that body was Marie's?"

"Yes," Dupin nodded. "Why?"

"Beauvais is in a lather," Gobelin shook his head. "Someone broke into the Morgue last night and stole Marie's brain." For the first time he noticed the specimen on the dissecting slab and poked at it with a tentative curious finger. "Hello, what's this?" he asked.

"Marie's brain," Dupin said quietly. And then at Gobelin's horrified protest. "I had to get it. Come, come," he urged. "You were on your way to arrest Madame Roget. Don't let me distract you. Mind if I come along?"

But on their way he insisted on stopping at the de Lucs' mansion and asking the gardener to show him the tools he used for the garden. Then after the old man had led them to his collection Dupin pocketed a small cultivator.

"Exhibit A, Gobelin." He smiled as he carefully wrapped it in his handkerchief. "We'll analyze the dirt on it and I'll guarantee we discover human blood."

"Now, see here, Dupin," Gobelin protested as they went back to their waiting cab. "I'm a man of infinite tolerance but I'll be hanged if I put up with these mysterious airs of yours any longer."

"I'm sorry," Dupin replied. "But I'm almost convinced I know who killed Marie."

"Then why can't we make the arrest?" Gobelin demanded.

"Because we haven't got an iron-bound case," Dupin said as the horse stopped in front of the Roget house. "We must trap the criminal without leaving a single avenue of escape open. Give the criminal enough rope and . . . well, you know the rest."

They were all there when the maid ushered them into the livingroom, the old lady herself, Camille, Beauvais and even Marcel.

"We were anxious about your arm," Dupin said disarmingly as he went over to Madame Roget.

She looked at him in amazement as she pushed away the afghan revealing the bandaged arm which had been hidden under it. "How did you know?" she asked.

"I surmised as much when I'd learned you'd given up your pet," Dupin said, glancing at the discomfited Gobelin.

"The beast turned on me without warning." The old lips quivered.

"They always revert to type," Dupin said. He waited a moment. Then, "You're aware, of course, your granddaughter Marie was murdered."

"Murdered!" Camille gasped protestingly.

"I thought you'd try something like this," Beauvais broke in, his voice harsh with anger. "That's why I had the body removed from your jurisdiction, to prevent another cruel mistake. Now, get out, before I lose my temper!"

"Henri!" Madame Roget put a warning hand on his arm. "Mind your manners. Dr. Dupin is a guest in my house."

"How do you propose proving Marie's identity?" Beauvais asked stiffly.

"Through surgery," Dupin said. "I'll rebuild the face if you will let us have the body."

"I won't permit it!" It was Madame Roget who spoke, her face white with fury. "I won't stand for any more of this cheap sensationalism, dragging us through the public prints, having people gossip about us. Let it be done with, you hear!"

"You can't hush up murder!" Gobelin protested.

"Do you dare to accuse me?" Madame Roget demanded.

"No one's accusing you of anything, Madame Roget," Dupin interrupted soothingly. "We can put an end to all this if you will give us Marie's diary. I am sure it will tell us everything we wish to know."

"Marie didn't keep a diary that I know of." The old lady seemed to falter. "No, I'm practically certain she didn't."

Her eyes met Dupin's unflinchingly as he stared at her. Then after a moment's quick thought he turned to Camille, taking the handkerchief found beside Marie's bag out of his pocket.

"This is yours, I believe," he said. And then as she nodded his voice hardened, though he could hardly bear the thought of bringing more distress to this girl who had touched his heart as no other woman ever had. But he had to go through with this. "It was left by the person who killed your sister!"

Marcel jumped up and went quickly to his fiancée, putting his arm around her protectingly. "Are you inferring that Camille is involved?" he demanded.

"Camille could have known what her sister intended to do," Dupin said brusquely and then as the girl looked at him bewildered he turned to her grandmother. "Shall I be the one to tell her, Madame Roget?"

"I'll do it." The old voice sounded reluctant. "I tried to spare you the pain, my dear, but you're bound to know it sooner or later. You loved Marie and she, well, she hated you. You were your grandfather's favorite and today you came into the bulk of his estate. Marie never forgave you for that and planned to kill you. I engaged Dr. Dupin to guard you against her. Something went wrong and she met the fate intended for you. I don't know who did it and I don't care. She's dead and I'm glad! I'm glad . . . glad!"

"I don't want the money!" Camille whispered in a small, horrified voice. "Why didn't she ask me? I'd have given her every penny of it."

"You never really knew your sister." Marcel pressed his arm closer around her. "She was so consumed with hate and jealousy that it twisted her mind. She even thought I would help her in her diabolical scheme. *That's why I killed her!*"

"Marcel!" Camille cried.

"I had to do it to save you, Camille," he

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whispered. "I killed her to prevent her killing you!"

"Why did you disfigure the face?" Dupin asked coldly.

"I don't remember doing that." Marcel shuddered. "Maybe . . . maybe it happened in the river!"

Gobelin took charge then, stroking his goatee excitedly.

"You realize, M'sieu, the law must take its course?" And then ignoring Dupin's frantic signals to stop he went on importantly. "You are under arrest and I wish to advise you that anything you may say will be used against you."

Suddenly Madame Roget began to laugh and after a startled moment Dupin's laughter joined hers. "'The little dog laughed to see such sport,'" he choked and again the laughter swept over the two of them, leaving the others staring nonplussed as the old lady indicated Gobelin.

"And the dish," she could hardly talk for her laughter. "'And the dish ran away with the spoon.'" she gasped.

"Gobelin, I want you to withdraw the charges," Dupin whispered as the carriage holding them and their prisoner drew up in front of the courthouse. "Do as I say, don't ask questions. Drop the charges before it's too late!"

"See here, Dupin!" Gobelin glowered. "This is too much, really!"

But even when the prisoner was arraigned before the magistrate Dupin insisted and when Gobelin persisted in ignoring him he played his trump card. "If you don't I'll testify in Marcel's behalf," he threatened. "Make up your mind, Gobelin. Quickly!"

"I don't know what you're up to," Gobelin said bitterly. "But I'll never forgive you for this." And Dupin felt almost sorry for him as he went up to the magistrate's desk, looking like a deflated balloon with all the pompousness gone out of him. Then he

straightened as Marcel, freed of the charges against him, came over to him, his face distorted with fury.

"I don't know what you have against me, Dupin!" he said bitterly. "You know I was justified in killing Marie and that I'd be cleared, but for some reason you've got it in for me." Suddenly he lifted the glove he was carrying and struck it against the doctor's face. "My seconds will call on you. If it's the last thing I do, I'll kill you."

"Confident, wasn't he?" Dupin smiled as he hailed a hansom cab outside the courthouse and gave an address in a low voice.

"That he'd kill you?" Gobelin asked.

"No. That he'd get off so easily." Dupin smiled grimly. "Remember what the old lady said? 'The dish ran away with the spoon.' On the face of it that jingle seems silly. Apply it to this case, however, and it takes on significance. The most impossible things happen in that Mother Goose rhyme and the most impossible things happen in our mystery of Marie Roget. You see?"

"No," Gobelin said testily. "I don't."

"Marie disappears," Dupin pointed out. "A body is found, identified as Marie; she reappears, won't talk. I'm hired to protect Camille and it is Marie who is murdered. Beauvais tries to hush it up, the old lady tries to dismiss it. We suspect Beauvais, the old lady, Marcel and Camille."

"Now that we know Marcel's story it all makes sense," Gobelin insisted stubbornly.

"Except for one thing," Dupin said. "It's not justified homicide as Marcel claims. It's a cold, calculated, premeditated, carefully planned murder! Don't you see, if Marcel went to trial on the charge you were preferring, no jury would convict him? He'd be exonerated. Then if afterwards we were able to prove it premeditated murder, he'd laugh at us because a person cannot be tried twice for the same crime.

The same would apply to Beauvais and Madame Roget!"

"Then you're not sure it was Marcel!" Gobelin asked.

"I was only supposing," Dupin said quietly.

"You'll be the death of me yet," Gobelin glared. "Say," he demanded, looking out of the cab window. "What are we doing here in front of Madame Roget's house?"

"Baiting a trap," Dupin smiled tantalizingly. "Drive on, Gobelin. I'll see you later this afternoon in my laboratory."

But it was almost evening when Dupin looked up from his dissecting slab as Gobelin came excitedly into the laboratory.

"Don't interrupt, Gobelin," he cautioned. "I'm about finished." He bent over the table for a few moments longer, then laid aside his scalpel with a sigh of satisfaction. "It's completed. You'll be glad to know that . . ."

"Confound it, Dupin!" Gobelin interrupted. "We've just received word from Scotland Yard. They've traced that first body. It's . . ."

"The wife of Marcel Vigneaux," Dupin finished for him.

"How did you know?" Gobelin demanded.

"I always believed there was a connection between the two crimes," Dupin said calmly. "It's like the links in a chain. Marcel married her in London several years ago and then abandoned her. When she showed up and threatened to upset his plans, he killed her and mutilated her face in hopes of hiding her identity."

"Why didn't you tell me this?" Gobelin asked.

"Because you've got a weakness for rushing in where angels fear to tread," Dupin smiled. "You'd have promptly arrested him and spoiled all the fun."

"We don't know for sure it was Marcel who killed Marie. Suppose it was the old lady or Beauvais or even Camille? We'll

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know tonight for certain. When I visited Madame Roget this afternoon, Beauvais and Marcel were there, as I was almost certain they would be. I accused Camille of having Marie's diary, of knowing its contents and I gave her until tomorrow morning to deliver it to us or face arrest as the murderer's accomplice. But of course there isn't any diary. Marie had the brain of a criminal, the twisted mentality of a confirmed criminal."

"But the diary," Gobelin insisted. "What has this to do with the diary?"

"Don't you see?" Dupin pointed out. "In the hands of the police a diary could be very embarrassing. I knew she didn't keep one and I also knew that the murderer, if he thought there was one, would do anything to keep it from the hands of the police. He'd even . . ." Suddenly Dupin tensed as he looked at the clock. "Quick, Gobelin," he ordered. "We have to hurry! If we're late I'll never forgive myself."

She had cried herself to sleep, had Camille, and it was strange how it was not of Marcel she was thinking but of Dupin and the cold way he had looked at her when he had accused her of hiding Marie's diary. Strange, that this man she knew so little, had that power to hurt her.

The moonlight fell across her soft hair, her tear-stained eyelids, then suddenly it was blotted out by the shadow creeping through the window, by the man holding his cloak over his face, his hands outstretched like talons as he approached her.

She woke to see those talons almost touching her cheeks, to hear a voice striking terror into her heart.

"The diary," it demanded. "Where is Marie's diary?"

She screamed and then she saw the door open and her grandmother hobbled into the room, her walking stick raised menacingly as she advanced on the intruder. Then another man appeared from nowhere at all, it seemed, and she tried to scream again but no sound came as the marauder, blocked in his efforts to reach the window, took out his gun and fired.

She gasped as she saw the bullet had struck at the second man, as she saw it was Beauvais who had been hurt but who still tried to stagger after the demon who had attacked him. Then voices shouting, footsteps running up the stairs and along the hall outside and there were Dupin and Gobelin, their guns already raised, their faces grim as they dashed out of the window Beauvais pointed to.

It was a desperate chase, that chase over the rooftops. Bullets shattered the chimney tops as they fired and then Dupin saw their quarry suddenly stop and face them, his hand appallingly steady as he aimed his gun directly at them. But there was only a click. He had used the last of his bullets and as the others watched he turned and ran to the edge of the roof ready to leap over the intervening space to the opposite roof. He jumped and missed and plunged headlong into space. And even before Dupin looked down on the broken body lying there below, he knew it was Marcel.

It was Marie who had been the dupe, he told the others afterwards; Marie, the girl who thought she knew everything, and not the tender, trusting Camille, who was looking at him now with shining eyes. Marcel had planned her murder from the beginning not from love of Camille but for love of her money, knowing how much easier it would be to get it from her than the avaricious Marie.

But there was no longer any shock in that knowledge to Camille. Somehow, somewhere she had lost her infatuation for the dark, smooth young man who had tried to betray it, lost it in the love she had found for this tall young doctor with the blue eyes, whose arms were outstretched as he came toward her.

A Letter to Heaven

Continued from page 33

opened it, there was an old circus-size pair of shoes. He grinned. All the rest of the day Carole hobbled around the set in those shoes. There came a happy friendship that all of us were part of. That picture was the first establishment in her niche for comedy. She went up, up, up, from then on.

Things were good and dull after we finished. She became a law of comparison to our group. Whenever we were getting ready to start another "opera" we'd say to each other, of the feminine angle, "Do you think she'll be anything like Lombard?" The question still goes.

Whenever I felt blue or down in the dumps, I'd make for Carole's dressing room across the lot. And inside that door I found a willing ear and lots of laughter. Her buoyancy of spirit always refreshed whoever came near her. Indeterminate somethings became simple nothings, and I'd feel thankful that there was one so close who possessed what few of us are rich enough to have—a wise and understanding heart. I don't suppose that I ever stopped to wonder that maybe *she* had troubles, too. She was the one who fixed everything.

You can't shoot a fella for thinking and I thought it would be a wonderful thing if some day two swell people I knew might get together. I hoped they would. And they did. Their steadfastness in friendship grew into a greater comradeship. Only now and then are we privileged to witness such a union.

Of course, if you weren't a Lombard fan you wouldn't have read this far. And if by chance you don't know it—here's a little look into that which made her world the more perfect place to live. . . . Carole didn't know a darn thing about guns and fishing poles. But she learned. And with the vital determination that was hers, she learned RIGHT! She was the glamor girl who liked comfort—dim lights, warm places, and a clean face. So, she put her hair in pigtails—her legs in trousers, a gun on her shoulder and went places with her man in their station wagon. That was her big time. You've probably heard about their home in the valley. It was designed by the Gables and "Brownie," the art director at the studio who has done most of the sets for Clark's pictures. Clark and Carole knew every flower that was planted and together they watched them grow. When their trees were in bloom we made jam from the fruit of their garden. Carole laughed when I told her we marked it "Plum-Jam-Gable." One day they went out and found a little calf running around. "I refuse to have anything to do with you," Carole said to him, "so when we stew you I won't feel guilty." But one look into her face made you know that he'd never make stew for the Gables. Maybe you don't know that Mrs. Gable knew how to run her house. And the recipes she used to give were no good for a girl who was trying to reduce.

Everything they did was a special occasion. The nights they took themselves away from their fire and went to the local movie house she'd sparkle and say: "Pappy and I are going to the movies!" They'd go on picnics and there'd always be little surprises for each other. And we'd scream when she'd tell the combinations they ate. "It would poison ordinary people—but we're crazy—so nothing hurts us!"

And such a disposition. That's what made her so beautiful. Her thoughtfulness was ever talked about. Months before Christmas she'd start making lists to buy presents

for those she loved. She always shopped herself—always knew what everybody needed. Her room would be piled high to the ceiling. She remembered the things that should be remembered. She wrote every note herself—answered every letter. There was never anything half-way about Carole.

I know many of the people with whom she had business dealings. They worshipped her. Nothing was ever wrong—everything was just right.

She was friend to the little fellow. "They're the ones who make pictures," she'd often say.

When an airplane crash carried some of our studio people to their death and some to incurable injuries, it was Carole who attended the funerals—Carole who visited the hospitals—Carole who knew what to say when she saw the ones who had legs cut off and backs broken, Carole who brought them their favorite flowers—their favorite candies, their favorite books, and their favorite stories. She visited them when they went home—not just the first few days. For she never wearied in well-doing. When they would have been forgotten or classified as "unable to work" it was Carole who saw to it that they were put back to work. "No difference now" is what she said. Her generosity seemed to open the way for a bigger flow of goodness.

If a bunch of us were talking or laughing on the set and she was in her room or in another corner, she'd yell: "Bring it over here—or wait till I get there—don't you know you can't leave *me* out of ANYTHING???" And we could always let her in on what we did or said.

An almost fatal accident had left scars on her face, above her eyebrow, on her cheek and on her lip. She'd joke with the cameraman and say, "How about my 'operations'—do they show?" But never once did she tell the camera man that she preferred the other side of her face; never once did she wonder if he'd make her look pretty enough. Strangely, these scars seemed only to enhance her great beauty. I remember her telling how she was strapped to the table while these scars were sewn; they were unable to use ether. "Did it hurt?" I was brainless enough to ask. Her big blue eyes popped. She should have fed me soap! "Sister," I thought, "You've got guts!" I'll never forget what one of the boys said when we realized how she must have suffered. He said: "She's a SOLDIER!"

Her love for her family, for whom she always had time, was great. Her mother said, the day before they left, "I don't approve of flying—but what my baby wants is tops with me. And whatever happens—I'll be with her. . . ." These are the things we would have talked about. . . .

And now, before I close—

Clark called a day after you left and asked: "What time do we start our picture in the morning?" "Eight o'clock." "Holy cats," he yelled, "that's the middle of the night—I haven't worked for four months—maybe I won't be able to make it!" That tickled me. At seven-thirty your Clark was there. And he started the picture—was in the very first shot—with twenty-one kids from nine years down. They pulled at his coat and yelled "Bang, bang" in his ears and they interrupted his dialogue. He worked. He was swell. You know he would be! The next day, Friday, all day long we talked about you, Clark, Ruggles and I. I asked him how all your pets were. He laughed, "Wait till 'Maw' finds out that the two dogs and the cat slept with me last night." I knew you'd get a bang out of that. He called the air office every hour to see if you'd be in on time. He was planning such funny jokes for your homecoming.

"You'd Never Guess My Age"



Her new face powder is such a flatterer!

It makes her skin look younger, fresher than it has in years.

NO—you'd never guess her age! Is she 19—30—35?

Once she looked quite a bit older. For, without realizing it, she was using an *unflattering* shade of powder. It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every line in her face—accented every skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! She looks younger than she has in years!

For she has found her *lucky shade* of powder—the shade that *flatters* her skin—makes it look fresh and enchanting.

Are you sure the shade of face powder you use is exactly right for you? Are you

sure it doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a little *older*?

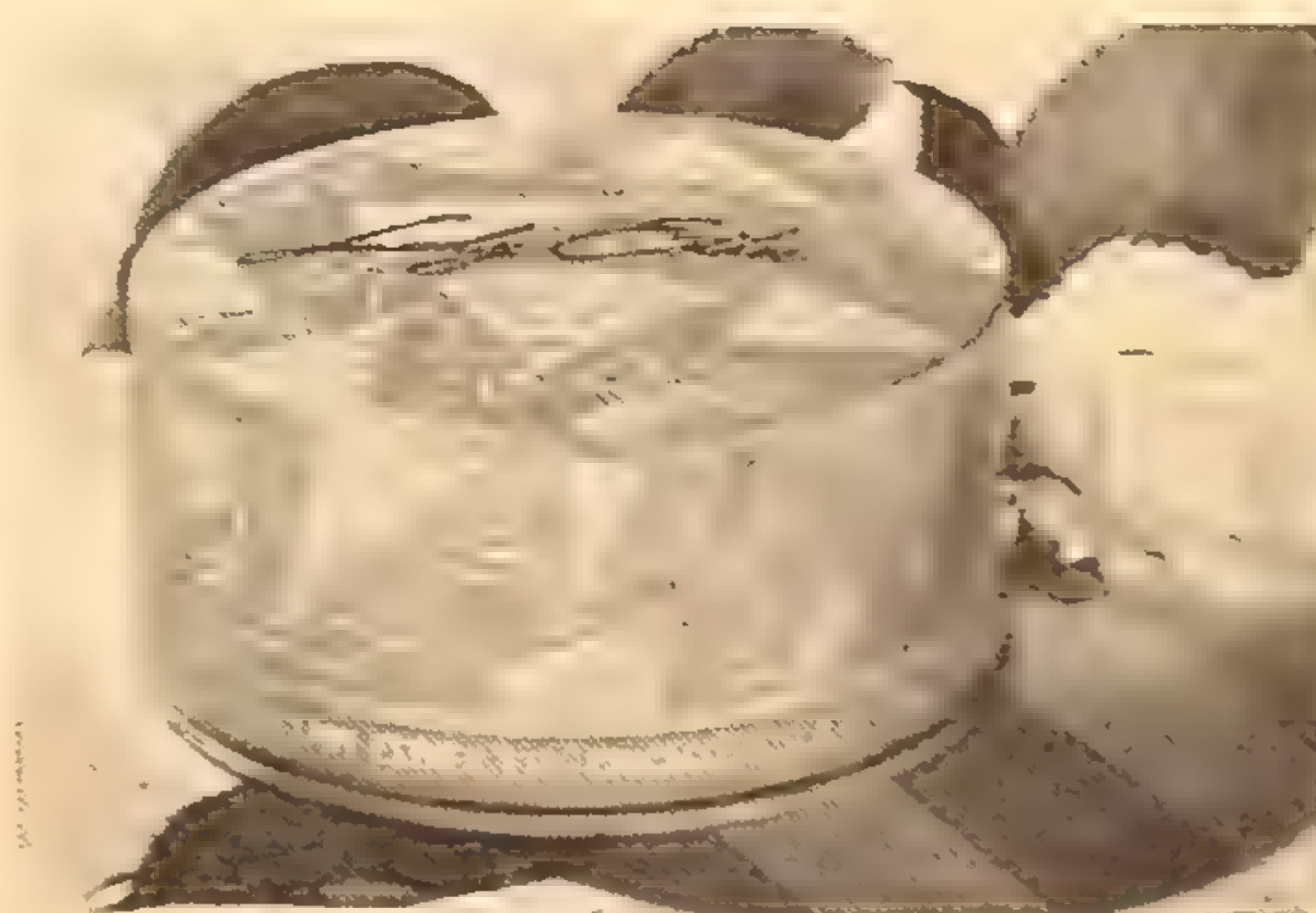
Why take that chance? Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and try them one after another. Let your mirror tell you which is your *lucky shade*—the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Face Powder is made an entirely new way. It's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's far softer and smoother than powder usually is. That's why it clings so long—that's why its shades and its texture are so flattering.

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your *lucky shade*—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!

Lady Esther **FACE POWDER**



LADY ESTHER, 7162 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (77)

Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

seems to be the only means I know of gaining self-respect."

Olivia smiled, an arch, twinkling smile. "The studio and I are getting along famously, thank you. I think my employers are wonderful. Sometimes they really pretend to think I'm a little clever, myself. And even talented. Why, nowadays they actually listen until I've finished talking and say tolerantly, 'Yes, we understand'."

She stopped and the tenor stopped and from the other end of the room you could hear shrill feminine laughter, as if someone were trying to cover up an embarrassing silence.

"I don't want you to get the idea that I feel I have everything figured out, that I have life licked. I haven't. Actually, I'm a paradox, a practical dreamer. There are times when the dreamer in me is all-dominating. That is when the realist in me has to fight to bring me back to the world that exists.

"As a paradox I behave in conventionally paradoxical fashion. I like sentiment, but I hate sentimentality. Sentiment is the true; sentimentality is the false, the obscurer of the true.

"I like to be liked, and yet I don't become fond of people too easily. It isn't that I don't want to. It's only that it doesn't come naturally. To complicate matters further, I unbend occasionally to a stranger and yet I rarely let down the barriers—completely—to friends. Geraldine Fitzgerald is a case in point. She's as dear a friend as I have and yet somehow we're not 'girls together.' We don't tell each other what is in our hearts. Our friendship is real, but so is the barrier.

"I demand good manners in people and yet I must confess I have my questionable moments. Yes, I'm afraid I've even made a scene or two. I don't merely get angry and throw things. I get bloody mad. I tell people off, although I'm sorry afterward.

"I like tidiness—tidy clothes, tidy minds and the rest. And yet I don't insist that the men I know be dressed like Beau Brummells or think like logicians.

"I like to look at chic ladies like Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, Rosalind Russell and a dozen more. I admire their chic but for some strange reason I don't find myself emulating them.

"I don't like talkative women and yet I've been prating about my appendicitis operation for almost a year now.

"I think femininity is one of woman's greatest charms and yet—in case you haven't heard—I do more than my quota of swearing. I am not justifying it. Nor am I recommending it."

The waitress came with more coffee. The reporter seized the opportunity to ask the all-important question: was Olivia de Havilland happy?

"I don't know whether happiness is quite the word for how a person feels in times like these. But if an absence of pain, frustration, or heartache, plus a sense of achievement, go to make up the happy woman, the answer is yes—with red letters. My health is wonderful, my work is wonderful, and my heart is, well, serene. In other words I'm not in love—not even vaguely. Love is a luxury. Love is an evil magician . . . (suddenly her eyes took on that lost softness). No, I don't know whether I believe that. Come to think of it I've done my best work when I've been in love. The first time was when I was playing *Melanie* in 'Gone With the Wind.' The last time was during . . ."

The door opened and the two wardens stepped in again.

"You can turn the lights on again. We've just received the all-clear signal."

So had Olivia de Havilland, apparently. She got up, all smiles, put out her hand. "It was nice of you to come," she said. And she was gone.

To be Cherished Forever! GENUINE-REGISTERED a Keepsake DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING



HOLLIS Set Engagement Ring 110.00 100.00



GRETNA Set Engagement Ring 167.50 125.00



CHILTON Set Engagement Ring 82.50 75.00

Rings-enlarged to show details.

A lovely Keepsake is a symbol of eternal beauty and preciousness. Each Keepsake Diamond meets high standards of color, cut and clarity with quality and value assured by the Certificate of Registration and Guarantee. Ask your jeweler to show you the new matched sets . . . from \$50 to \$2500. Extended payments are usually available.

Before Selecting the Ring and Announcing the Engagement Send for this Valuable Book and the Name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler.



Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send the booklet, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with illustrations of Keepsake's newest ring creations. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City..... SL 4-42

POOR COMPLEXION?

Let this **MEDICATED**
Cream help heal
externally-caused
blemishes

● Don't "cover up" a poor complexion! And don't think there's "nothing you can do" about externally-caused pimples, ugly chapped lips and rough, dry skin!

Take a hint from scores of professional nurses—many of whom were among the first to acclaim the greaseless, MEDICATED cream, Noxzema, as a complexion aid!

Noxzema does so much for poor skin because it's *not just a cosmetic cream*. It's *medicated*—not only helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin, but also *helps heal externally-caused pimples and blemishes*. And in addition it has a mildly astringent action!

Try using Noxzema for just 10 days, as a night cream and as a delightful, protective

powder base. See, for yourself, how much this greaseless, medicated, "pleasant-to-use" cream can do to help make *your* skin clearer, softer, lovelier!

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—For a *limited time* you can get a generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ (plus tax) at any drug or cosmetic counter. Give Noxzema a chance to help *your* complexion. Get a jar *today*!



When Winter's Kiss causes Chapped Lips



TAKE the right steps to relieve the discomfort of chapped lips or chapped hands right now. Use Mentholatum. Its cooling, soothing ingredients are medicinal and therefore not only give relief and comfort but also promote proper healing of the skin. Jars or tubes, 30c. For generous free trial size write to Mentholatum Co., 174 Harlan Bldg., Wilmington, Del.



MENTHOLATUM

BUY DEFENSE BONDS and STAMPS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

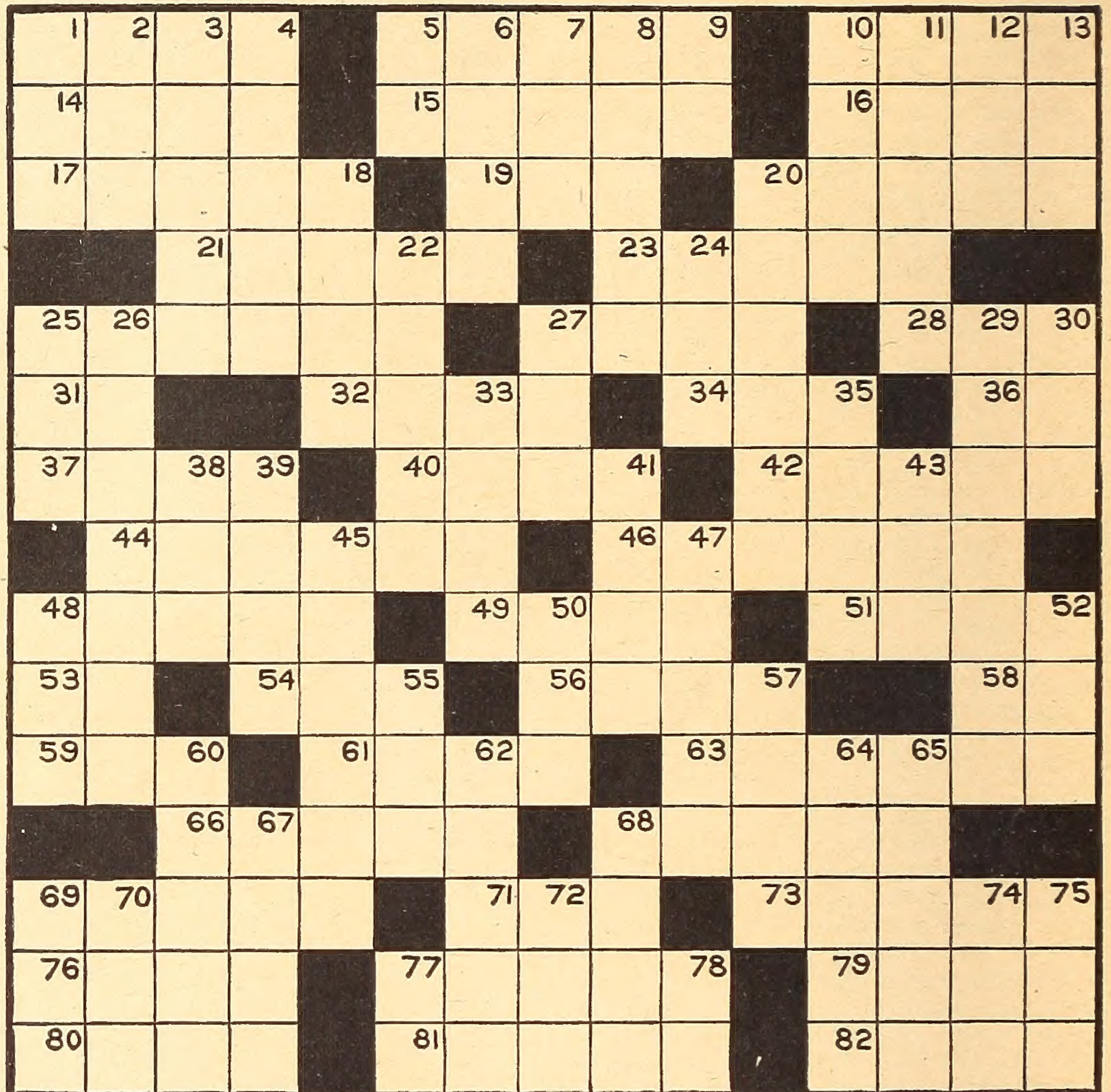
At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

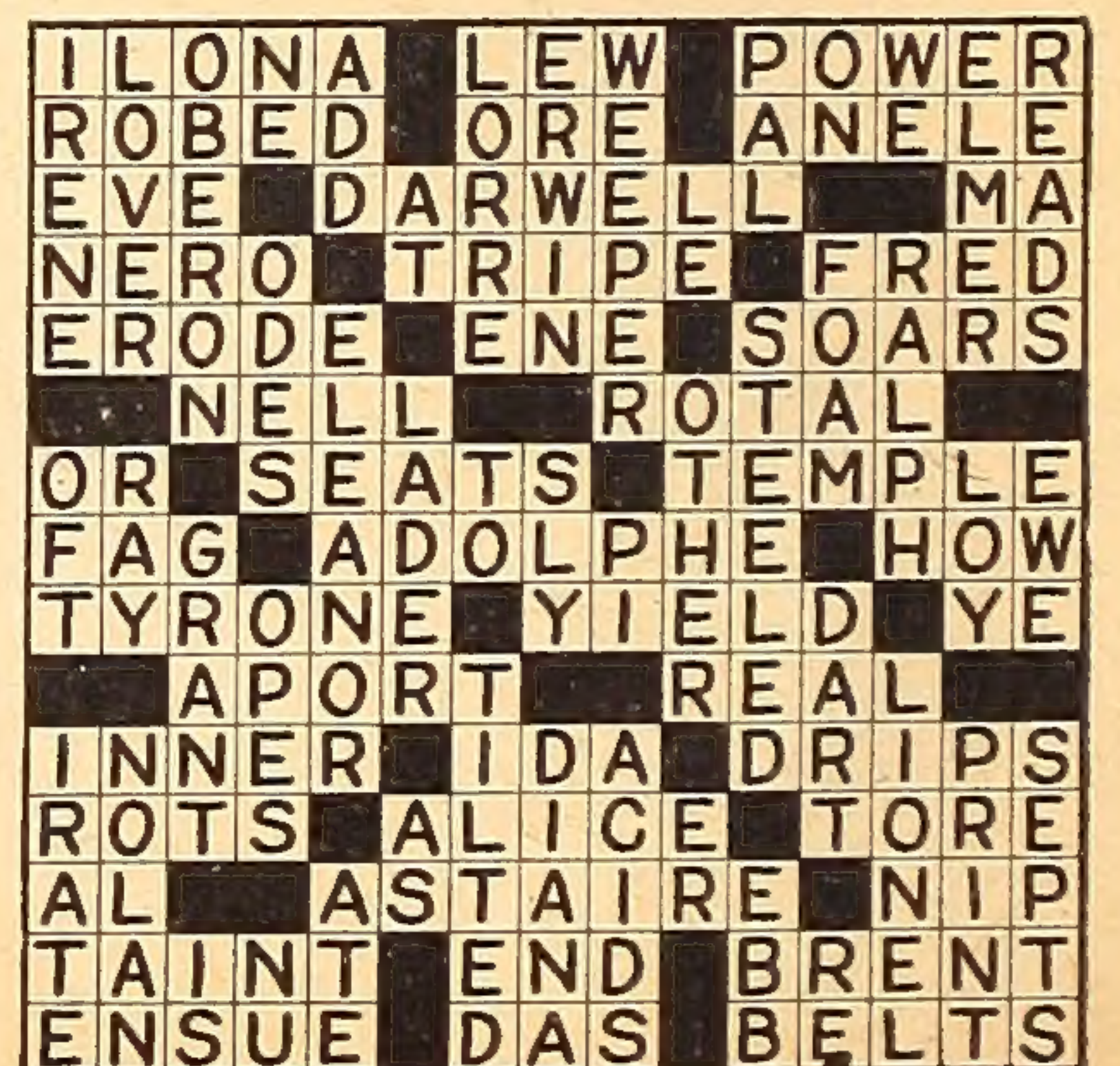
1. Co-star, "Johnny Eager"
5. Co-star, "Woman of the Year"
10. Co-star, "Ball of Fire"
14. Scent
15. External
16. The sheltered side
17. Star, "Two-Faced Woman"
19. Number
20. Winter vehicles
21. Part of the face
23. He plays *Charlie Chan*
25. Stellar
27. Island
28. To pull by a rope
31. Jumbled type
32. Hurried
34. "Small Town - - -" (Jane Withers)
36. Southern state (abbrev.)
37. Cry out (as a dog)
40. Dutch cheese
42. Star, "Son of Fury"
44. Re-load
46. Reply
48. Come in
49. Brief letter
51. Half (prefix)
53. Compass point (abbrev.)
54. She plays *Maisie*
56. Alarm
58. "I Married - - Angel"
59. Some stars use this on their hair
61. A kiln
63. Constance Bennett's married name
66. He plays *Ellery Queen*
68. Co-star, "The Maltese Falcon"
69. Uncovered
71. Possess
73. Co-star, "They Died With Their Boots On"
76. To state
77. Co-star, "Unfinished Business"
79. Uncommon
80. Co-star, "H. M. Pulham, Esq."

81. Feasted
82. Looked at

DOWN

1. Firewood
2. Girl's name
3. Star, "We Were Dancing"
4. Trellis
5. "The Road - - Zanzibar"
6. The wife in "H. M. Pulham, Esq."
7. Took food
8. Small coins
9. Period of time (abbrev.)
10. She's featured in "Paris Calling"
11. Watchful
12. Co-star, "Panama Hattie"
13. Affirmative
18. Yours and mine
20. Reposes
22. Wrote on a typewriter
24. Aged
25. "Confessions of a Nazi - - -"
26. Star, "The Shanghai Gesture"
27. One of the "Ladies in Retirement"
29. He's featured in "Roxie Hart"
30. Conflict
33. Paradise
35. Nods
38. Allow
39. Appeal
41. One of a pair
43. Tiny
45. He's featured in "Johnny Eager"
47. Approaches
48. Finish
50. Frequently (poetic)
52. Mid-Western state (abbrev.)
55. Short sleep
57. Repetition
60. Made a mistake
62. Seacoast
64. He's featured in "All Through the Night"
65. Martial order
67. Spiritual; lofty
68. She's featured in "Four Jacks and a Jill"
69. Exclamation of disgust
70. Salutation
72. Very damp
74. Unrefined metal
75. Preceded
77. Provided that
78. Man's nickname

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



PORTRAIT OF A WALLFLOWER

Annette was a debutante.
She came from a good family.
She went to the very best schools.
Then she "came out"—
And NOTHING happened!
Here she is at a party, all dressed up,
And no heart to break but her own.
Dainty, sweet, and her nose CAREFULLY powdered,
She wears just the right shade of lipstick,
But her eyes are a *BLANK*—
They just don't register!
One day Annette learned about MAYBELLINE,
Just as you are doing—and,
Look at Annette NOW!

MORAL: *Many a man has been swept
off his feet by fluttering lashes!*

Annette's lashes now
appear long, dark and
lovely, with a few simple
brush-strokes of
MAYBELLINE MAS-
CARA (solid or cream
form—both are non-
smarting and tear-proof).

Annette's eyebrows now
have character and ex-
pression, thanks to
the smooth-marking
MAYBELLINE EYE-
BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of
added charm, Annette
blends a bit of creamy
MAYBELLINE EYE
SHADOW on her eyelids
—her eyes appear spark-
ling and more colorful!

Give your eyes thrilling
beauty... get genuine
MAYBELLINE, the Eye-
Make-up in Good Taste.

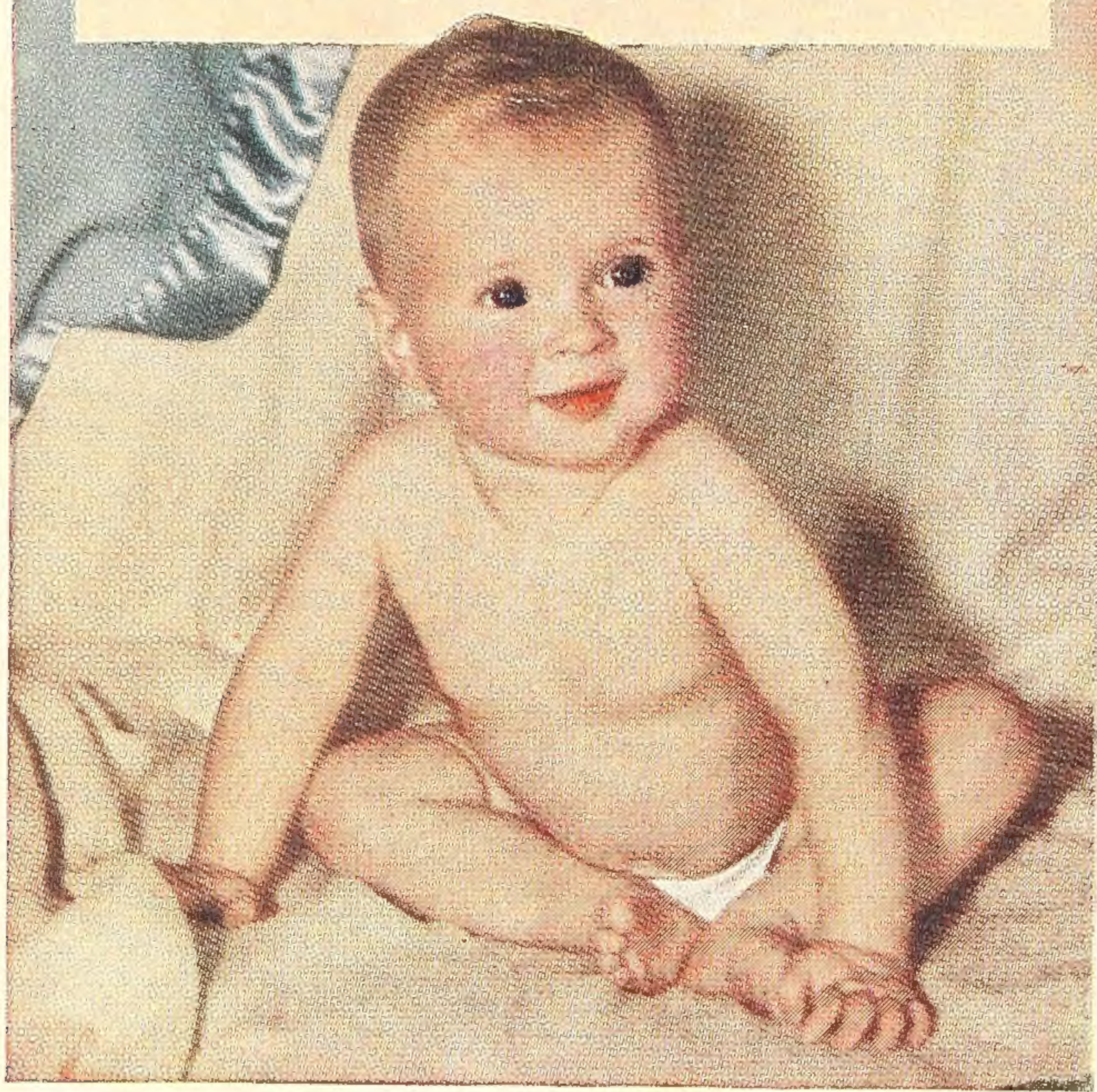


Maybelline



WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

SEE MY LOVELY SKIN? Well, the Ivory Soap that doctors for years advised for baby's sensitive skin—and *your* beauty-care—is now *improved*! Yes, here's a New Ivory with creamier, quicker lather—and actually *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps!



“Baby” your face at bedtime to

WAKE UP LOVELIER

Doctors say “Baby-care” is Beauty-care!

Take doctors' complexion advice. . . Each night give *your* face the care advised for the world's Most Perfect Complexion—baby's own!

Bedtime beauty-care, now more than ever, means Ivory Soap. For the quick cream lather of New “Velvet-Suds” Ivory is *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps!



GET “BABY-CARE” ALL OVER! Lie back in New Ivory's creamy, caressing lather—smooth it softly over your skin. Such relaxation! Such rich, effortless lather from that big white floating cake. You step out creamy-smooth—and go to bed a more deeply sleeping beauty—to waken . . . *Lovelier*! Try an Ivory velvet-suds bath tonight!



IS YOUR SKIN DRY, sensitive, delicate? “Baby” it with this gentle, *New Ivory* night-time routine: Cream lukewarm Ivory lather well into your skin with gentle fingertip massage. Rinse well with warm water—pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream. Remember: Doctors advise gentle Ivory cleansing for baby's sensitive skin—and *yours*! Ivory contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.



IS YOUR SKIN OILY? Then you'll want the richer, creamier lather of New Ivory to remove excess oil. *Every night*: With a washcloth, work up lukewarm Ivory velvet suds. Thick lather simply *creams* off your Ivory cake. Scrub upward and outward into every inch of your face. Rinse. Repeat Ivory-lather cleansing. Warm rinse, then cold. Use this method 3 times daily. See how gratefully your loveliness responds to Ivory's *safe*, milder beauty-care!

“Baby-care” is Beauty-care . . . use

New Velvet-suds IVORY

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE . . . IT FLOATS

PROCTER & GAMBLE • TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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